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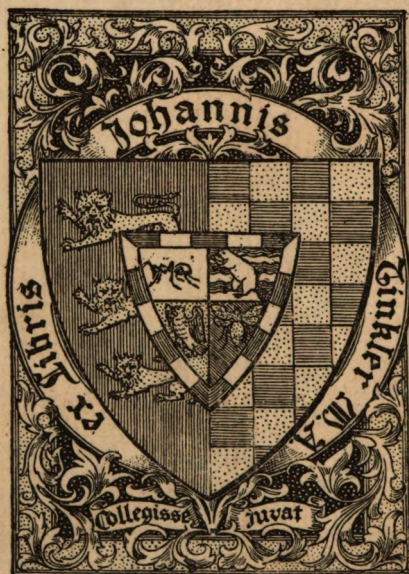


*The amaranth, or, Religious
poems [by W. Harte].*

Walter Harte

Ex Antiq. Marm.; Roma.

Aluett Soult.



14770 x. 700



At for Mc Luit

fine plates after Hollar
and others

the Armarial Bookplate (Chapter
style) of "Krummer & Niddlerich";
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THE
AMARANTH:
OR,
RELIGIOUS POEMS;

CONSISTING OF
FABLES, VISIONS, EMBLEMS, &c.
by Walter Harte, M. A.
ADORNED WITH
COPPER-PLATES FROM THE BEST MASTERS.

——— DEUS ORA MOVET ; SEQUAR ORA MOVENTEM
RITE DEUM! ———



L O N D O N :
Printed for Mess. ROBINSON and ROBERTS, in Pater-noster-Row ;
and W. FREDERICK, at Bath. 1767.



THE
AMARANTHINE CROWN
DESCRIBED,
BY MILTON.

A *Crown inwove with AMARANT, and gold ;
Immortal AMARANT ! A flow'r which once
In paradise fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows ;
And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life.*

PAR. LOST, L, III, v. 352.

ERRATA.

Advertisement, Page 17, for Edwyn Sandys
read *George Sandys*.

Ibid. for Castilio, read *Castalio*.



P R E F A C E.



SHALL not trouble the Public with excuses for venturing to send *these Religious Poems* into the world; having long since observed, that all apologies made by Authors, far from gaining the end proposed, serve only to supply an

A 3

ill-

* Walter Harte, M. A.

ill-natured Critic with weapons to attack them. This being the case, it shall suffice me to say, that I drew up the present writings for my own private consolation under a lingering and dangerous state of health, which it has pleased God to make my portion : Nor had I any better opportunity or power of discharging the duties of my profession to mankind. The goodness of my cause may perhaps supply the defects of my poetry ; since, in this sense, *the very gleanings of the grapes of EPHRAIM will be better than the vintage of ABIEZER*. I promise my readers no extraordinary art in composition or style ; but flatter myself they will find some nature, some flame, and some truth.

Parables, Fables, Emblematic Visions, &c. are the most ancient method of conveying truth to mankind. Upwards of *forty* of the finest and most poetical parts
of

of the *Old* and *New Testament* are of this cast, and force their way upon the mind and heart irresistibly, tho' they are written in prose.

FROM a just sense of this humble simplicity, I have here translated the plainest and least figurative Parable that our BLESSED SAVIOUR has delivered to us, relating only to a few un-ornamented circumstances in agriculture.

TO express such humble allusions with clearness, propriety, and dignity, was, it must be confessed, one of the hardest pieces of poetry I ever yet undertook ; nevertheless, I flattered myself that I was in some degree master of one part of the subject, [namely, the *culture of land*] upon which the Parable is founded.

YET the great and real difficulty still recurred ;

A 4

Difficile

Difficile est propriè communia dicere.—

How far I have succeeded in this, or any other particular, is more than I shall take upon me to conjecture. Nor shall it be diffembled, but that I had a great inclination to give a *Paraphrase* (or *Metaphrase* rather) of the xxviiiith Chapter of DEUTERONOMY; which, I believe, hath never yet been turned into English Verse. It is doubtless one of the noblest Pieces of Poetry in Holy Scripture; being at the same time sublime, and yet *plain*; seemingly familiar, and yet *richly diversified*.

IN this Chapter the change of ideas and events from a state of *Obedience* to a state of *Disobedience*, exhibits a power of language, imagery, and just thinking, which no un-inspired writings ever have laid claim to with justice, or ever shall. But, when I came to take a closer view of
the

the precipice and its dangers, *my heart trembled*, as JOB says, *and was moved out of its place* ; I threw down the pencil in despair, and left the undertaking to some abler hand ; namely, to some future *Milton*, *Dryden*, or *Pope*.

UPON the whole, I may perhaps venture to persuade myself, that the intention of the present Work is commendable, and that the Work, when perused, may prove useful (more or less) to my fellow-Christians.

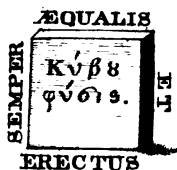
CONSCIOUS of my own inabilities, and being desirous that the Reader may receive *some advantage* by casting his eyes over these Poems, I have added, in a few notes, the most remarkable passages I had an eye to in the *Holy Scriptures*, and in the writings of the *Primitive Fathers* ; they being

x P R E F A C E.

ing the only *compass* and *charts* which I have made use of in my *navigation*.

A MIXTURE of *pleasing* and *instructive* poetry cannot fail to engage the attention of all rational and serious readers : *For, as it is hurtful to drink wine, or water, alone; and as wine mingled with water is pleasant, and delighteth the taste; even so speech, finely framed, delighteth the ears of them that read the Story.*

2 MACCAB. Ch. ult. v. ult.



EXPLA-



EXPLANATION

OF THE

COPPER-PLATE-ORNAMENTS

IN THIS VOLUME.

I.

FRONTISPIECE; *Divine Contemplation*. [From a painting of *St. Margaret*, by *Annibal Carrache*.]

II.

The *Vignette* of the Title-page is a Chaplet of *Amaranth*, from a drawing of *G. Liberali*.

III.

The *Ornament of Two Angels*, preceding the Preface, (by some supposed to be a *Young CHRIST* and *John the Baptist*) is taken from a Design of *Wenceslaus Hollar*, the *Bohemian*.

HEAD

xii EXPLANATION OF THE
HEAD-PIECES.

I.

PARABLE of the SOWER. [*A Country-man sowing grain on stinty, gravelly, and thorny lands; on the road-side, and also on rich good ground. From a Design of the famous Papillon.*]

II.

The ASCETIC, or THOMAS à KEMPIS. A Vision. [*Thomas à Kempis sitting under a shade: The figure of him from Caspar Hubert: The landscape part by John Baptista Bouffiri.*]

III.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, and ACQUIESCENCE under the DIVINE WILL. An Ode written in Carniola, 1749. [The Design is from a Drawing made upon the spot.]

IV.

VISION of DEATH. [A Scull painted by Leonardo da Vinci; and inscribed, *Quis Evadet?*]

V.

The COURTIER and PRINCE. A Fable. [*A person in agonies of horrou on a sick-bed, and looking up to Heaven. A King sitting by and weeping. Scene a Bed-chamber.*]

VI.

The ENCHANTED REGION, or MISTAKEN PLEASURES. [The wonderful escape of a Carniolian

COPPER-PLATE-ORNAMENTS. xiii

nisian Nobleman, who fell down a precipice ; as the History is set forth in the Ode : From a Drawing taken on the spot, and copied by *Visentini*.]

VII.

EULOGIUS, or the CHARITABLE MASON. An Historical Fable, taken from the Greek of *Paulus Syllogus*, L. iii. [The Interview betwixt *Eulogius* and the *Hermit* is described in page 171, &c.]

VIII.

MACARIUS, or the CONFESSOR. [Head of *Macarius*, from an original Painting, by *Zelman*, 1689.]

IX.

BOETIUS, or the UPRIGHT STATESMAN. A supposed Epistle from *Boetius* to his Wife *Rusticiana*. [Head of *Boetius*, taken from an ancient Marble-Busto now at *Rome*.]

X.

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY. An Emblematical Elegy. [Design drawn by *H. Goltzius*.]

XI.

MEDITATIONS ON CHRIST'S Death and Passion. An Emblem. [The Figures and Landscape from *Coyvel*. The Motto, of RESPICE, &c. from a Picture on the same subject, designed by the *Chevalier Edlinger*.]

TAIL-

TAIL-PIECES.

I.

A CUBE ; Emblematical of Christian Firmness. Designed by the *Chevalier Edlinger*.

II.

The PASSION-FLOWER ; Designed from the Life.

III.

The Three SCRIPTURE-HERBS and PLANTS ; namely, *Hyssop*, *Star of Bethlehem*, and *Christ's Thorn*. Designed by Mrs. *Mary Leigh*, of *Addlestrop*, *Oxfordshire*.

IV.

A TOMB and COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

V.

The ANNULATED SERPENT : An Emblem of Eternity. By *Maccio*.

CHRIST'S

**CHRIST'S PARABLE
OF
THE SOWER.**



CHRIST'S PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark saying upon the harp. **PSALM** xlix, v. 4.

All these things spake **JESUS** unto the multitude in parables. Without a parable spake he not unto them. **MATTH. c. xiii, v. 34.**

A wise man will hear, and increase learning, and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels: To understand a proverb (*a parable*) and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings. **Prov. c. i, v. 5, 6.**

B

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

LONG e'er th' ASCRE'AN * bard had learnt to
sing,

Or HOMER's fingers touch'd the speaking string;

Long e'er the supplemental arts had found

Th' embroid'ry of auxiliary sound;

The heav'n-born MUSE the paths of nature chose: }

EMBLEMS and FABLES *her* whole mind disclose, }

Victorious o'er the soul with energy of prose ! }

True Poetry, like OPHIR's gold, endures

All trials, yet its purity secures;

Invert, dis-joint it, change its very name,

The essence of the thoughts remains the same.

Something there is, which endless charms affords;

And stamps the majesty of truth on words.

* HÆSIOD.

The

The Son of GIDEON †, midst CHERIZIM's snow,
Unskill'd in numbers taught the stream to flow,
With conscious pride disdain'd the aids of art,
And pour'd a full conviction on the heart :
His CEDAR, FIG-TREE, and the BRY'R convey
The highest notions in the humblest way †.

In NATHAN's Fable *strong* and *mild* conspire,
The suppliant's meekness and the poet's fire :
Till waken'd nature bade the tears to flow,
And DAVID's muse assum'd the voice of woe † :

The Wise, All-knowing SAVIOUR of mankind
Mix'd ease with strength, and truth with emblem
join'd :

Omniscience, vested with full pow'r to chuse,
O'erlooks the *strong*, nor does the *weak* refuse* :

† JOTHAM.

† See the whole parable, JUDG. C. ix, V. 7 — 21.

‡ On this occasion DAVID composed the 50th psalm.

* It is the uniform doctrine of Scripture, "*That flight shall perish
from the swift, and the strong shall not strengthen his force, neither
shall the mighty deliver himself.*" AMOS C. ii, V. 14.

Leaves *pagentry of means* to feebl^r man,
 And builds the noblest, on the plainest plan :
 Divine simplicity the work befriends,
 And humble causes reach sublimest ends.

True Flame of verse, O SANCTIFYING FIRE†!
 Warm not my *genius*, but my *heart* inspire !
 On my cleans'd lips permit the coals to dwell
 Which from thy altar on ISAIAH fell ‡!
 Cancel the world's applause ; and give thy *grace*
 To me, the meanest of the tuneful race.
 Teach me the words of JESUS to impart
 With energy of pow'r, but free from art.
 THY emanations light and heat dispense ;
 To sucklings speech, to children eloquence !—
 Like HABAKKUK ||, I *copy*, not *indite* ;
 Tim'rous like him, I tremble whilst I write !

† ROM. C. xv, V. 16. 2 THESS. C. ii, V. 13. 1 PET. C. i. V. 2.

‡ ISAIAH C. vi, V. 6.

|| HAB. C. ii, V. 2.

But

But JEREMIAH with new boldness sung,
 When *inspiration rush'd upon his tongue* *.
 The pow'rs of sacred poesy were giv'n
 By *Him, that bears the signature of Heav'n* †.

P A R A B L E.

WHEN vernal show'rs and sunshine had
 unbound

The frozen bosom of the torpid ground,
 When breezes from the western world repair
 To wake the flow'rs and vivify the air,
 Th' industrious peasant left his early bed,
 And o'er the fields his seeds for harvest spread.
 With equal hand, and at a distance due,
 (Impartially to ev'ry furrow true)
 The life-supporting grain he justly threw ‡.

* JER. C. i, V. 6, &c. 8, 9.

† JOHN C. vi, VER. 27.

‡ "Bless God, who hath given thee the two Denarii, namely, the
 LAW and the GOSPEL, in recompense for thy submission and la-
 bour."
 CHRYSOST. Hom. in LUC. C. 10.

As was the culture, SUCH was the return ;
 Of weeds a forest, or a grove of corn *.
 But, where he dealt the gift on grateful soils,
 Harvests of industry o'er-paid his toils.

Some seeds by chance on brasby † grounds he threw,
 And some the winds to flinty head-lands blew :
 Sudden they mounted, pre-mature of birth,
 But pin'd and sicken'd, unsupply'd with earth :
 Whilst burning suns their vital juice exhal'd,
 And, as the roots decay'd, the foliage fail'd.

Some seeds he ventur'd on ungrateful lands,
 Tough churlish clays, and loose unthrifty sands ;
 The step-dame soil refus'd a nurse's care :
 The plants were sickly, juiceless, pale, and bare.

* *They that fear the Lord are a sure seed, and they that love him an honourable plant : They that regard not the law, are a dishonourable seed ; they that transgress the commandments, are a deceitful seed.*

ECCLUS. C. x, V. 19.

† *Brasby* lands, in an husbandry-sense, signify lands that are dry, shallow, gravelly, and pebbly. Such sort of grounds the old Romans called *glareous* :

— *Jejuna quidem clivisi glareæ ruris.*

VIRG. Georg. II.

On

On trodden paths a casual portion fell :
 Condemn'd in scanty penury to dwell,
 And half-deny'd the matrix of a cell ;
 While other seeds, less fortunate than they,
 Slept——stary'd and naked on the hard high-way,
 From frosts defenceless, and to birds a prey.

Here daws with riotous excesses feed,
 And choughs, the cormorants of grain, succeed ;
 Next wily pigeons take their silent stand,
 And sparrows last, the gleaners of the land.

Another portion mock'd the seedsman's toil,
 Dispens'd upon a *rich*, but *weedy* soil :
 Fat unctuous juices gorg'd the rank-fed root ;
 And plethories of sap produc'd no fruit.
 Hence, where the life-supplying grain was spread,
 The rav'nous dock uprears its miscreant-head ;
 Insatiate thistles, tyrants of the plains ;
 And lurid hemlock, ting'd with pois'nous stains.

What *these* might spare, th'incroaching *thorns* demand;
Exhaust earth's virtue, and perplex the land *.

At last, of precious grain a *chosen share*
Was sown on *pre-dilected* land with care :
[A cultur'd spot, accustom'd to receive
* All previous aids that industry can give ;]
The well-turn'd soil with auburn brightness shone,
Mellow'd with nitrous air and genial sun :
An harmony of mold, by nature mixt !
Not light as air, nor as a cement fix'd :
Just firm enough t'embrace the thriving root,
Yet give free expanse to the fibrous shoot ;
Dilating, when disturb'd by lab'ring hands,
And smelling sweet, when show'rs refresh the lands.
Scarce could the reapers' arms the sheaves contain,
And the full garner's swell'd with golden grain ;
[Unlike the harvests of degen'rate days,]
One omer sown, one hundred-fold repays :

* See HOSEA C. x, V. 4 and 8.

Rich product, to a bountiful excess ; —

Nor ought we more to ask, nor more possess !

The harvest overcomes the reapers' toil :

So feeble is the hind, so strong the foil †.

Man's SAVIOUR thus his *Parable* express'd :

He that bath ears to hear, may feel the rest.

INTERPRETATION.

THE gift of KNOWING is to all men giv'n † ;

All know, but few perform, the will of Heav'n ;

They hear the *sound*, but miss the *sense convey'd*,

And lose the *substance*, whilst they view the *shade*.

When specious doctrines hover round a mind

Which is not vitally with HEAV'N conjoin'd,

† *Imbecillior colonus quam ager.* COLUMELLA.

† “ *To sin against knowledge is a greater offence than an ignorant trespass ; in proportion as a fault, which is capable of no excuse, is more heinous than a fault which admits of a tolerable defence.*”

J. MART. *Resp. ad Ortbod.*

“ *Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it is a sin in itself.*”

Anon. Vet.

The

The visionary objects float and pass
 Transient as figures, gliding o'er a glass :
 Each but a momentary visit makes,
 And each supplies the place, the last forsakes.—
 SATAN for ever fond to be employ'd,
 [And changing minds ev'n ask to be destroy'd *,]
 Marks well th' *infirm of faith* ; and soon supplies
Phantoms of truth, and *substances* of lyes :
 Killing the dying, he a conquest gains ;
 And, from a *little*, steals the *poor remains*.
Reason, man's guardian, by neglect, or sleep
 Loses *that* castle, *he* was meant to keep.
 The seeds upon a *flinty* surface cast,
 Denote the *worldly-wise*, who think in haste :

* *He that is idle tempts Satan to set him to work.*"

CHRYSOST. *Hom.*

Pious *Jeremy Taylor* once said to a Lady, "Madam, if you do
 "not employ your children, the Devil will." The *Son of Sirach*
 gives also the following advice : "Send thy Son to labour, that he be
 "not idle ; for idleness teacheth much evil." C. xxxiii, V. 27.

Who change, for changing's sake, from right to wrong,
 Constant to nothing, and in nothing long ;
 To-day they hear the word of God with joy,
 To-morrow they the word of God destroy ;
 Indiff'rent, to assert, or to deny :
 With zeal they flatter, and with zeal decry.
 Such is the Fool of Wit ! who strives *with pains*
 To lose *that* paradise the peasant gains.—
 Whenever adverse fortune choaks the way,
 When danger threatens, or clouds o'er-cast the day,
 This plant of casualty, unfix'd at root,
 Shakes with the blast, and casts his unripe fruit ;
 But, when the storms of poverty arise,
 And persecution ev'ry virtue tries,
 Mindless of God, and trusting to himself *,
 He strands Heav'n's freightage on a dang'rous shelf.

* " We are all careful about small matters, and negligent in the
 " greatest ; of which this is the reason, we know not where true fel-
 " city is,"
 St. Hieron.

Averse

Averse to learn, and more averse to *hear*,
 He sinks, the abject victim of despair !

The men of *pow'r and pomp* resemble seeds
 Sown on rich earth, but choak'd with *thorns and weeds*.
 Religion strikes them, but they shun the thought ;
 Behold the profit, and yet profit nought.
 Heav'n's high rewards they silently contemn,
 And think the present world suffices them.
 Mean-while *ambition* leads the soul astray,
 Far from its natal walk, th' ethereal way ;
 Int'rest affassins friendship ev'ry hour,
 Truth warps to custom, conscience bends to pow'r,
 Till all the cultivating hand receives
 Is empty blossom, and death-blasted leaves.
 Idiots in judgment ; baffled o'er and o'er ;
 Still the same bait, still circumvented more ;
 Self-victims of the *cunning* they adore !

}
 Wife

Wife without wisdom, busy to no end ;

Man still their foe, and Heav'n itself no friend !

The *chosen seed*, on *cultur'd* ground, are *they*

Who humbly tread the *evangelic* way.

The road to heav'n is uniform and plain :

All other paths are serpentine and vain.

The true disciple takes the word reveal'd,

Nor rushes on the sanctuary conceal'd,

Whilst empty reas'ners emptiest arts employ ;

Nothing they build, and all things they destroy !

The *Provident of Heav'n* unlocks his store,

To cloathe the naked, and to feed the poor :

To each man gen'rous, and to each man just,

Conscious of a depositary trust.

Patient of censure, yet condemning none :

Placid to all, accountable to ONE.

Ev'n in prosperity he fears no loss,

Expects a change, and starts not at the Cross.

All

All injuries by *patience* he surmounts ;
 All suff'rings God's own *med'cines* he accounts * :
 Studious of *good*, and penitent for *ill*,
 Still short of *grace*, yet persevering *still* ;
 As just and true as erring nature can,
 [For imperfection sets its stamp on man.]
 Heav'n marks the faint, her mansions to adorn,
 And, having purg'd the chaff, *accepts* the corn.

* The *Preacher* writes beautifully upon this subject. *Eccl. vi. C. ii.*

" My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for trial.
 " Set thy heart aright, and constantly endure, and make not haste in
 " in time of trouble," i. e. be not impatient to get over thy trouble.
 " Cleave unto him, and depart not away, that thou mayest be increas-
 " ed at thy last end. Whatsoever is brought upon thee take cheer-
 " fully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate. For
 " gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adver-
 " sity. — Look at the generations of old, and see, did ever any trust
 " in the Lord and was confounded? Or did any abide in his fear and
 " was forsaken? Or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him?
 " For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy; He forgiveth sins, and
 " saveth in time of affliction. — *Wo be to the sinner, that goeth twp*
 " *ways,*" i. e. that hath recourse to man as well as God. "*Wo*
 " *unto him that is faint-hearted; for he believeth not, therefore shall*
 " *he not be defended. Wo unto you that have lost patience: What*
 " *will ye do when the Lord shall visit you? — They that fear the*
 " *Lord will say, We will fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into*
 " *the hands of men: For as his majesty is, so is his mercy.*"

In like manner St. *Chrysostom* incomm. us, "*That, in proportion*
 " *as God adds to our tribulation, He adds likewise to our retri-*
 " *bution.*"

THE

THE
ASCETIC,
OR,
THOMAS A KEMPIS:
A VISION.

IN OMNIBUS REQUIEM QUÆSIVI, ET NUSQUAM
INVENI, NISI IN ANGULIS, ET LIBELLIS.

Symbol. Kempisian.

At nunc, discussa rerum caligine, *verum*
Aspicias ; illo alii rursus jactantur in alto.
At TUA securos portus, blandamque quietem
Intravit, NON QUASSA RATIS.

STAT. *Sylv.* L. II.

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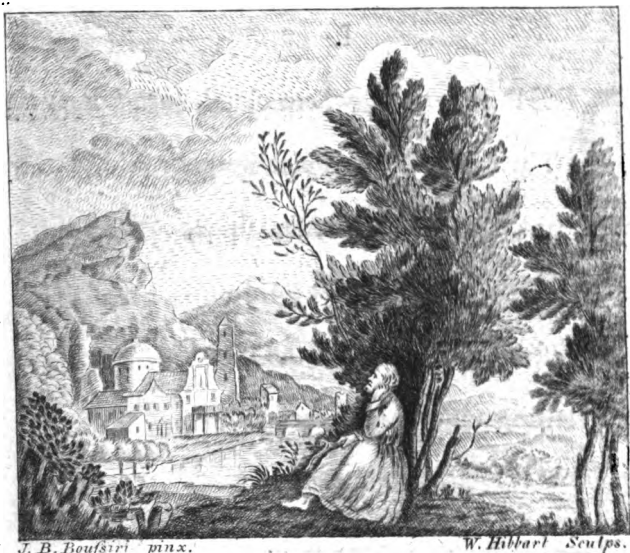
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To the READER.

AT the end of the XIIth STANZA in this Poem, I had several inducements for venturing to change the *Ode* into *Heroic Measure*. The *first* was, that I might diversify the *doctrinal* part from the *descriptive*. The *second* was, that our excellent and most learned poet, COWLEY, had given me his authority for making this change, in his *Poem DE PLANTIS*, But the *third* and truer reason was, that I found it next to impracticable, to deliver short, unadorned, didactical sentences consistently with the copiousness, irregularity, and enthusiasm peculiar to Ode-writing.— Let the Reader only make the experiment, and I flatter myself he will join with me in opinion.— Nor have I departed any further than in a metaphor or two from that original simplicity which characterises my Author, however difficult and self-denying such an undertaking might be in a poetical composition. What gave me warning was, that *Castilio* and *Stanbope* had both spoiled THOMAS A KEMPIS by attempting to adorn him with flowery language, false elegance, and glaring imagery. And, by the Way, to this cause may be attributed the miscarriages of many Poets, (otherwise confessedly eminent) in their *Paraphrases* of the Psalms of *David*, the Book of *Job*, &c. The grandeur of scriptural sublimity, or simplicity, admits of few or no embellishments. *Edwyn Sandys*, in the reign of *Charles I*, seems only to have known this secret.

C

THE



THE
A S C E T I C,
OR,
T H O M A S A K E M P I S:
A V I S I O N.

And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. MARK C. i, V. 35.

C 2

I. DEEP

I.

DEEP in a vale, where cloud-born * RHINE
 Thro' meads his *Alpine* waters roll'd,
 Where pansies mixt with daisies shine,
 And asphodels instarr'd with gold ;
 Two forests, skirting round the feet
 Of everlasting mountains, meet,
 Half-parted by an op'ning glade ;
 Around *Hercynian* oaks are seen. —
 Larches †, and cypress ever-green,
 Unite their hospitable shade,

II.

Impearl'd with dew, the rosy *Morn*
 Stood *tip-toe* ‡ on the mountain's brow ;
 Gleams following gleams the heav'ns adorn,
 And gild the theatre below :

* This river takes its rise from one of the highest ice-mountains in *Switzerland*.

† The species of Larch-tree here meant is called *Sempervirens* : The other larches are *deciduis foliis*.

‡ *Tip-toe*. *Shakespeare*.

Nature

Nature from needful slumber wakes,
 And from her misty eye-balls shakes
 The balmy dews of soft repose :
 The pious lark with grateful lays
 Ascends the skies, and chants the praise
 Which *man* to his CREATOR owes *.

III.

When lo ! a venerable Sire appears,
 With sprightly foot-steps hast'ning o'er the plain ;
 His tresses bore the marks of fourscore years,
 Yet free from sickness he, and void of pain :
 His eyes with half their youthful clearness shone †.
 Still on his cheeks health's tincture gently glow'd,

C. 3

His

* " Before we engage in worldly business, or any common amuse-
 ments of life, let us be careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day,
 and the very beginning of our holy thoughts unto the service of God."

ST. BASIL.

† *Thomas à Kempis* had no manifest infirmities of old-age, and retained his eye-sight perfect to the last.

All that I have ever been able to learn in *Germany*, upon good authority, concerning him, is as follows : He was born at *Kempis*,

or

His aged voice retain'd a manly tone,
 His peaceful blood in equal tenour flow'd ;
 At length, beneath a beechen shade reclin'd,
 He thus pour'd forth to Heav'n the transports of his
 mind.

I.

"Come unto me" [MESSIAH cries]

"All that are laden and oppress'd :"

"To Thee I come" [my heart replies]

"O Patron of eternal rest !"

"Who

or *Kempen*, a small walled town in the datchy of *Cleves*, and diocese of *Cologne*. His family-name was *Hamerlein*, which signifies in the German language a little Hammer. We find also that his parents were named John and Gestrude *Hamerlein*. He lived chiefly in the monastery of Mount *St. Agnes* ; where his effigy, together with a profect of the monastery, was engraven on a plate of copper that lies over his body. The said monastery is now called *Berg-Clooster*, or, as we might say in English, *Hill-Cloyster*. Many strangers in their travels visit it. *Kempis* was certainly one of the best and greatest men since the primitive ages. His *Book of the Imitation of Christ* has been near forty Editions in the original Latin, and above sixty Translations have been made from it into modern languages.

Our author died *August* the 8th, 1471, aged 92 years.

In the engraving on copper above-mentioned, and lying over his grave, is represented a person respectfully presenting to him a label, on which is written a verse to this effect :

"Oh ! where is Peace ? for Thou its path hast trod."

To

" *Who walks with me*" [rejoins the VOICES]

" *In purest day-light shall rejoice,*

" *Incapable to err, or fall.*"

With thee I walk, my gracious God ;

Long I've thy painful foot-steps trod,

*Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of all * !*

II.

Heav'n in my youth bestow'd each good

Of choicer fort : In fertile lands

A decent patrimony stood,

Sufficient for my just demands.

My form was pleasing ; health refin'd

My blood ; A deep-discerning mind

To which *Kempis* returns another strip of paper, inscribed as follows :

" *In poverty, retirement, and with God.*"

He was a canon regular of *Augustines*, and sub-prior of Mount *St. Agnes'* monastery. He composed his treatise *On the Imitation of Christ* in the sixty-first year of his age, as appears from a note of his own writing in the library of his convent.

* *Imitation of CHRIST*, Lib. I, C. i.

Crown'd all the rest ; — The fav'rite child
 Of un-affected eloquence,
 Plain nature, un-scholastic sense — ;
 And *once or twice* the MUSES smil'd !

III.

Blest with each boon that simpler minds desire,
 Till Heav'n grows weary of their nauseous pray'rs,
 I made the nobler option to retire *,
 And gave the world to worldlings and their heirs ;
 The warrior's laurels, and the statesman's fame,
 The vain man's hopes for titles and employ,
 The pomp of station, and the rich man's name,
 I left for fools to seek, and knaves t'enjoy † ;

* "Solitude is the best school wherein to learn the way to Heaven."
 St JEROM.

"Worldly honours are a trying snare to men of an exalted station ;
 of course their chief care must be, to put themselves out of the reach
 of envy BY humility." NEPOTIAN.

"The pleasures of this world are only the momentary comforts of the
 miserable, and not the rewards of the happy." St. AUGUST.

† *Cætera sollicitæ speciosa incommoda vitæ
 Permisi stultis quærere, habere malis.*

COULETUS de Plant.

An early whisper did its truths impart,
And all the God conceal'd irradiated my heart.

I.

Happy the man who turns to Heav'n,
When on the landscape's verge of green
Old-age appears, to *whom* 'tis giv'n
To creep in *sight*, but fly, *unseen*!
Stealer of marches, subtle foe,
SINON of stratagem and woe!
Thy fatal blows ah! who can ward?
Around thee lurks a motley train
Of *wants*, and *fears*, and *chronic pain*,
The hungry CROATS of thy guard.

II.

[Thus on the flow'r-enamel'd lawn,
Unconscious of the least surprize,
In thoughtless gambols sports the fawn
Whilst veil'd in grass the tygres lies.

The

The silent trait'refs crouches low,
 Her very lungs surcease to blow :
 At length she darts on hunger's wings ; —
 Sure of her distance and success,
 Where NEWTON could but only guess,
 She never misses, when she springs *.]

III.

More truly wise the man, whose early youth †
 Is offer'd a free offering to the LORD,
 A self-addicted votary to truth,
 Servant thro' choice, disciple by accord !
 Heav'n always did th' unblemish'd turtle chuse,
 Where health conjoin'd with spirit most abounds ;
 Heav'n seeks the young, nor does the old refuse,
 But youth acquits the debt, which age compounds !

* This Parenthesis was inserted by way of imitating the famous
Parenthesis in *Horace's Ode*, which begins

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

† “ Even from the flower till the grape was ripe, bath my heart
 “ delighted in Wisdom.”

ECCLV. C. li, V. 15.

Aukward

Aukward in time, and sour'd with self-disgrace,
The spend-thrift pays his all, and takes the bankrupt's
place.

I.

Thus spoke the venerable Sage,
Who ne'er imbib'd *Meonian* lore,
Who drew no aids from MARO's page,
And yet to nobler flights could soar.
Taught by the *Solyméan* maid;
With native elegance array'd
He gave his easy thoughts to flow;
The charms which anxious art deny'd
Truth and simplicity supply'd,
Melodious in religious woe.

II.

Poet in sentiment ! He feels
The flame ; nor seeks from *verse's* aid !

The

The *veil* which artful charms conceals,

To real beauty proves a *shade*.

When nature's out-lines dubious are,

Verse decks them with a slight cymarr * ;

True charms by art in vain are drest.

Not icy *prose* could damp his fire :

Intense the flame and mounting high'r,

Brightly victorious when oppress'd !

III.

By this time morn in all its glory shone ;

The sun's chaste kifs absorb'd the virgin-dew :

Th' impatient peasant wish'd his labour done,

The cattle to th' umbrageous streams withdrew :

Beneath a cool impenetrable shade,

Quiet, He mus'd. So JONAS safely fate

* A thin covering of the gauze, or sarcenet-kind.

DRYD. *Cymon & Iphigen.*

[When

[When the swift gourd her palmy leaves display'd]
 To see the tow'rs of NINUS bow to fate†.
 Th' ASCETIC then drew forth a parchment-scroll,
 And thus pour'd out to Heav'n th' effusions of his soul.

THE
 MEDITATION
 OF
 THOMAS A KEMPIS.

(1.) **T**IS *Vanity to wish for length of days ;*
The art of living well is wise men's praise,

If death, not length of life, engag'd our view,
Life would be happier, and death happier too (a).

Nature foreshows our death : 'Tis God's decree ;
The King, the insect dies ; and so must We.

† JONAH C. iv, V. 6.

(a) This and the following passages marked with a note of reference are extracted almost verbatim from KEMPIS's Book of the *Imitation of CHRIST*. Lib. I, C. 1, 2. See also Lib. I, C. 19. 23.

What's

What's *natural*, and *common* to us all,

What's *necessary*; — none should *evil* call.

Check thy fond love of life, and human pride;

Shall man repine at death, when CHRIST has dy'd?

(2.) *He that can calmly view the mask of death,*

Will never tremble at the face beneath :

Probationer of Heav'n, he starts no more

*To see the last sands ebb, than those before *.*

(3.) *In vain we argue, boast, elude, descant ; —*

No man is honest that's afraid of want.

No blood of confessors that bosom warms †,

Which starts at hunger, as the worst of harms. (b)

* “ Death, when compared to life, seems to be a remedy and not a punishment.”

St. MACAR.

On the same point another Primitive Christian hath observed,
“ That the Supreme Being made life short; since, as the troubles of it
“ cannot be removed from us, we may the sooner be removed from
“ them.”

St. BERNARD.

† “ Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed. —

— “ Art thou afraid of labour? Pains are productive of a crown.

— “ Art thou hungry? A true confidence in God fears no famine :

— “ for the Supreme Governour of the world beholds thy warfare ;
“ and prepares for thee a crown of glory and everlasting rest.” —

HIERON. in Epist.

(b) L, II, Thom, à Kempis,

(4.) *The*

(4.) *The man with christian perseverance fir'd*,
 Check'd but not stop'd; retarded but not tir'd;
 Straiten'd by foes, yet sure of a retreat,
 In Heav'n's protection rests securely great †;
 Hears ev'ry sharp alarm without dismay;
 Midst dangers dauntless, and midst terrors gay;
 Indignant of obstruction glows his flame,
 And, struggling, mounts to Heav'n, from whence it came;
 Oppress'd it thrives; its own destroyers tires,
 And with unceasing fortitude aspires. (c)
 When man desponds, [of human hope bereft,]
 Patience and Christian heroism are left. (d)
 Let Patience be thy first and last concern;
 The hardest task a Christian has to learn ‡!*

* Perseverance is an image of eternity," St. BERNARD.

† "The greatest safety man can have is to fear nothing but God."

SENEC.

"Human fear depresses, the fear of God exhilarates." CASSIAN.

(c) *Imitac. of CHRIST*, L. III, C. 5. *Ibid.* C. 19, N°. 1.

(d) *Ibid.* C. 35, N°. 2. *Ibid.* C. 18, N°. 2.

‡ See also CAUSSIN'S *Holy Comm.*, Part I, L. 3, Sect. 32, Fol. 1650.

Life's pendulum in th' other world *shall* make
Advances, on the side it *now* goes back.

By force, a virtue of celestial kind
*Was never storm'd ; by art 'tis undermin'd **.

(5.) *All seek for knowledge. Knowledge is no more*
Than this ; To know ourselves, and God adore.
Wouldst thou with profit seek, and learn with gain ? —
Unknown thyself, in solitude remain. (e)

Virtue retires, but in retirement blooms,
Full of good works, and dying in perfumes †.
In thy own heart the living waters rise ‡ ;
Good conscience is the wisdom of the wise ! (f)

* " True christian piety was never made a real captive ; it may be
" killed, but cannot be conquered." St. JEROM.

(e) *Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 20. L. II, C. 10.*

† " The retired christian, in seeking after an happy life, actually
" enjoys one ; and possesses that already which he only fancies he is pur-
" suing." St. EUCHER.

‡ " Drink waters out of thine own cisterns. PROV. C. v, V. 15.
See also REV. C. xxii, V. 1. " And he showed me a pure river
" of water of life, clear as crystal." See JOHN C. vii, V. 38.

(f) *Imitat. of JESUS CHRIST, L. I, C. 6.*

Man's

Man's only confidence, UNMIXT WITH PRIDE,

*Is the firm trust that God is on his side! (g) **

Like AARON's rod, the Faithful and the Just,

Torn from their tree, shall blossom in the dust.

(6.) GOD, says the chief of Penitents †, is ONE
Who gives HIMSELF, his SPIRIT, and his SON.

“ Is hunger irksome ?——Thou by *Him* art fed

“ With quails miraculous, and heav'nly bread.

“ Is thirst oppressive ? —— Lift thy eyes, and see

“ Cat'racts of water fall from rocks for thee.

“ Art thou in darkness ?——Uncreated light

“ Is all thy own, and guides thy erring sight.

(g) *Imitat. of JESUS CHRIST, Lib. II, C. 10.*

* “ *The only means of obtaining true security is to commit all our
“ interests to God, who constantly knows and is ever willing to be-
“ stow good things on them that ask him as they ought.*” CASSIAN.

“ *Security is no-where but in the love and service of God. It is
“ neither in Heaven, nor Paradise, much less in the present world.
“ In Heaven the Angels fell from the divine presence: In Paradise
“ Adam lost his abode of pleasure: In the world Judas fell from the
“ school of our SAVIOUR.*” St. BERNARD.

† St. AUGUST. The ten lines marked with inverted commas
are a literal translation from him.

D

“ Is

“ Is nakedness thy lot?—Yet ne’er repine ;—

“ The vestments of Eternity are thine.

“ Art thou a widow?—God’s thy comfort true.

“ Art thou an orphan?—He’s thy father too.”

(7.) *The men of Science aim themselves to show *,*
And know just what imports them not to know (b):

[*Once having miss’d the truth, they farther stray :*

As men ride fastest who have lost their way ;]

Whilst the poor peasant that with daily care

Improves his lands and offers Heav’n his pray’r,

With conscious boldness may produce his face

Where proud philosophers shall want a place. (i)

Philosophy in anxious doubts expires :

Religion trims her lamp, as life retires. (k)

* “ It is good to know much and live well : but, if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire piety than learning : for knowledge makes no man truly happy, nor doth happiness consist in intellectual acquisitions. The only valuable thing is a religious life.”

Sti. GREG. Magn. Moral.

And again : “ That only is the best knowledge which makes us better.”

(b) *Imitat. of CHRIST.*

(i) *Ibid.*

(k) *Imitat. of JESUS CHRIST, L. II, C. 10.*

True faith, like gold into the furnace cast,

Maintains its sterling pureness to the last.

Conscience will every pious act attest :

A silent panegyrist, but the best!

(8.) All chastisements for private use are giv'n ;

The REVELATIONS PERSONAL of Heav'n : (l) †

But man in misery mistakes his road,

Sighs for lost joys and never turns to God. (m)

Heav'n more than meets her child with sorrows try'd ;

Her dove brings olive, e'er the waves subside. (n).

* As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.
Prov. xxvii, V. 19. "Thou canst avoid, sooner or later, whatever
"molesth thee, except Thy own conscience."

AUGUSTIN. in Psalm xxxi

(l) Imitat. of JESUS CHRIST, L. I, C. 13.

† "God causeth (afflictions) to come, either for correction, or for
"his land, or for mercy." JOB C. xxxvii, V. 13.

"It is the work and providence of God's secret counsel; that the
"days of the Elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present
"life is the way to our eternal abode : God therefore in his secret wis-
"dom afflicts our travel with continual trouble, lest the delights of our
"journey might take away the desire of our journey's end."

Sti. GREG. Mag.

"No servant of Christ is without affliction. If you expect to be
"free from persecution, you have not yet so much as begun to be a
"Christian."

St. AUGUST.

(m) Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 11.

(n) Imitat. of CHRIST, ibid. See also GEN. C. viii, V. 11.

Man gives but once, and grudges when we sue ;
 Heav'n makes old gifts the precedents for new.

(9.) Afflictions have their use of ev'ry kind ;
 At once they humble, and exalt the mind :
 The ferment of the soul by just degrees
 Refines the true clear spirit from the lees. (o)
 Boast as we will, and argue as we can,
 None ever knew the virtues of a man,
 Except affliction sifts the flour from bran : (p)
 Say, is it much indignities to bear,
 When God for thee thy nature deign'd to wear ?
 If slander vilifies the good man's name,
 It hurts not ; but prevents a future shame.
 The censure and reproaches of mankind
 Are the true christian Mentors of the mind.

(o) Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 13.

(p) Ibid. Lib. I, C. 16. Lib. III, C. 12. See also AMOS C. ix.
 V. 3, and LUKE C. xxii, V. 31.

No other way humility is gain'd;

No other way vain-glory is restrain'd.

Nor worse, nor better we, if praise or blame

Lift or depress——The man is still the same. (q)

The happy, if they're wise, must all things fear;

Nor need tb' unhappy, if they're good, despair.

(10.) Hard is the task'gainst nature's strength to strive:

Perfection is the lot of none alive;

Or grant frail man could tread tb' unerring road,

How could we suffer for the sake of God? (r)

Affliction's ordeal, sharp, but brightly shines;

*Sep'rates the gold *, and ev'ry vice calcines.*

In adverse fortune, when the storm runs high,

And sickness graves death's image on the eye,

(q) Imitat. of CHRIST, L. III, C. 5:

(r) Ibid.

* "For Gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace
of adversity." ECCLUS. C. ii, V. 5.

Nor wealth, nor rank, nor pow'r, assuage the grief —

Ask God to send thee patience or relief. (s)

The infant MOSES 'scap'd his watry grave.*

Heav'n half-o'erwhelms the man it means to save !

(11.) *Th' Ambitious and the Covetous desire †*

More than their worth deserves, or wants require :

Not merely for the profit things may yield,

But ah, their neighbour's pittance maims their field :

Thus, gain'd by force, or fraudulent design,

The grapes of NABOTH yield them blood for wine ‡.

(s) *Imitat. of CHRIST, L. III, C. 5.*

* EXOD. C. II, V. 5.

† “ He that gathereth by defrauding his own soul, gathereth for others, that shall spend his goods riotously. A covetous man's eye is not satisfied with his portion, and the iniquity of the wicked drieth up his soul.”

ECCLUS. C. XIV.

‡ “ AHAB's excuse to NABOTH, when he said give me thy vineyard that I may make it a garden of herbs, represents in a lively manner the pretences that avaricious and ambitious men use, when they want to make new acquisitions. They lie to their consciences ; asking a seeming trifle, and meaning to obtain something very valuable.”

St. AMBROSE.

“ Woe unto them that covet fields, and take them away by violence.”

MICAH C. II, V. 2.

“ They enlarge their desire as hell, and are as death, and cannot be satisfied : Woe unto them that increase THAT which is not theirs.”

HAB. C. II, V. 5, 6.

(12.)

(12.) *Nothing but truth can claim a lasting date; (1)*
Time is truth's surest judge, and judges late :
And, for thy guide, be HE alone believ'd,
 WHO NEVER CAN DECEIVE, NOR IS DECEIV'D *!
Thus safe thro' waves the sons of ISR'EL trod ;
Their better magnet was the lamp of God :
And thus Heav'n's star earth's humble shepherds led
To their MESSIAH in his humbler bed.

(13.) *Flatt'ry and fame at death the Vain forsake,*
And other knaves and fools their honours take †.

(14.) *Teize not thy mind ; nor run a restless round*
In search of science better lost than found.
Still teach thy soul a sober course to try,
And shun the track of singularity !

(1) Imitat. of JESUS CHRIST, L. I, C. 3.

* — Neque decipitur, neque decipit unquam. MANIL.

† “ There is no work that shews more art and industry than the texture of a spider's web. The delicate threads are so nicely disposed, and so curiously interwoven one with another, that you would think it produced by the labour of a celestial Being ; yet nothing in the event is more fragil and insubstantial. A breath of wind tears it to pieces, and carries it away. Just so are worldly acquisitions made by men in exalted stations, and reputedly wise and cunning.” ORIGEN.

(15.) Presumptuous flights and sceptical debates
Foretell [CASSANDRA-like] the fall of states,
So GREECE and ROME soon moulder'd to decay,
When EPICURUS' system gain'd the day,
But those who make prophaneness stand for wit,
Desp'rate apply the pigeons to their feet :
Bankrupts of sense, and impudently bad ;
Their judgement ruin'd, and their fancy mad !
*Like DANIEL'S * Goat † in th' insolence of youth,*
Stars they displace, and over-turn the truth.

(16.) *He, who adopts religions, wrong or right,*
Is not a convert, but an hypocrite :
Him, seeming what he is not, man esteems ;
God bates him, for he is not what he seems.
The bull-rush thus a specious out-side wears,
Smooth as the shining rind the poplar bears :

* DAN. C, viii, V. 10, 11,

† The Prophet here means, by the Goat, the King of Greece, the region of vain philosophy.

But

*But strip the cov'ring of its polish'd skin,
And all is insubstantial sponge within.
When not a whisper breathes upon the trees,
Unmov'd it stands, but bends with ev'ry breeze.
It boasts th' ablution of a silver flood,
But feeds on mire, and roots itself in mud.*

(17.) Self-love is foolish, criminal, and vain *;
Therefore, O man, such partial views restrain :
And often take this counsel for a rule,
To please ONE'S SELF is but to please ONE FOOL †.

(18.) The alms we give, we keep : The alms we save
We lose : Possessing only what we gave ‡.
But, if vain-glory prompts the tongue to boast,
In vain we strive to give, the gift is lost.

* " He that loveth himself most, hath of all men the happiness of
" finding the fewest rivals." ANON. Vet.

† " He that pleaseth himself, pleaseth a fool."

‡ " There is that scattereth and yet increaseth ; and there is that
" withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

PROV. C. xi, V. 24.

" The riches which thou treasurest up, are lost ; those which thou
" charitably bestowest, are truly thine." ST. AUGUST.

Wealth,

Wealth, un-bestow'd, is the Fool's ALCHEMY ; —

Misers have wealth, but taste it not ; — and die.

In ev'ry purse that th' *avaricious* bears,

There's still a *rent*, which wily SATAN tears * :

A man may mend it, at returning light,

But the Arch-Fiend un-darns the work at night.

Useless, O Miser, are thy labours found ;

And all thy vintage leaks on thirsty ground †.

Chimeric nonsense ! Riches un-employ'd

In doing good, are riches un-enjoy'd.

The slave who sets his soul on worthless pelf,

Is a mere DIOCLESIAN to himself ;

A wretched martyr in a wretched cause ;

Alive, un-honour'd ; dead, without applause !

* HAGGAI C. i, V. 6.

† ————— *Ibi omnis*
Effusus labor. ————— VIRO.

Boast

Boast not of homage to earth's monarchs giv'n; —

A PAULA'S † name is better known in Heav'n.

(19.) Riches no more are ours, than are the waves
Of yonder RHYNE, which our MOUNT-AGNES* laves,
Th' impatient waters no continuance make;
Adopt new owners, and their old forsake.

† *As those who call for wines, beyond their share,
Refund the draughts which nature cannot bear;
(Whilst bile and gall corroding in their breast
Demand a passage, and admit no rest :)
Just so rapacious misers swell their store;
To di'monds di'monds add, and oar to oar;*

† *Paula* was a *Roman* lady descended from the *Gracchi* and *Scipii*. Her husband was of the *Julian* race. After his decease, she gave most of her possessions to the poor, and retired from *Rome* to a solitude at *Bethlehem*. That incomparable virgin *Eustochium* was her daughter. Both their Histories are drawn at large by *St. Jerom*; and addressed to *Eustochium*. *Paula* has written some excellent verses on religious subjects.

She built a temple at *Emmäs* in honour of our Blessed Saviour. Her tomb is at *Bethlehem*. The inscription for her and her daughter was written by *St. Jerom*. *Sandys's Trav.* fol. 135; 139, &c.

* The name of the monastery where *Kempis* resided.

† Part of this Paragraph, printed in *Italics*, is copied from *Joa C. xx, V. 14, 15, 18.* Compare also *Joa C. xxvii, V. 19, 20, 21.*

They

*They gulp down wealth,—and, with heart-piercing pain,
And clay-cold qualms, discharge the load again.*

*Death bursts the casket, and the farce is o'er ;
(Curst is that wealth, which never eas'd the Poor !)
Whilst fools and spend-thrifts sweep it from the floor.*

*The gold of OPHYR * dazzles their weak eyes,
Turquoises † next their weaker minds surprize,
Rich, deeply azur'd, like ITALIAN skies,*

Then are the fiery rubies ‡ to be seen,

And em'ralsds || tinctur'd with the rain-bow's green :

*Translucent beryl §, flame-cy'd chrysolite **,*

*And sardonix *† refresher of the sight ;*

* *Gold of Ophir.* See 1 KINGS C. ix, V. 28. 1 CHRON. xxix, V. 4. 2 CHRON. viii, V. 18. PSALM xlv, V. 9. ISAIAH xlii, V. 12.

† *Turquoises.* "The true oriental turquoise comes out of the old rock in the mountains of *Piriskua*, about eighty miles from the town of *Mascheda*." *Hist. of Gust. Adolph.* Vol. II, p. 342.

‡ *Rubies.* "Nazarites, more ruddy than rubies." LAM. C. iv, V. 7.

|| *Emeralds.* "A RAIN-BOW in sight like an EMERALD." REV. C. iv, V. 3.

§ *Beryl.* DAN. C. x, V. 6. REV. xxi, V. 20.

** *Chrysolite.* EZEK. C. xxviii.

*† *Sardonyx.* REV. C. xxi, V. 20.

With

*With these th' empurpled amethyst combines **,

And opaz ‖, vein'd with riv'lets, mildly skines.

All first turns into *riot*, then to *care* : —

Whirl'd down th' impetuous torrent, call'd an *beir*.

(19.) Religion's *barbour*, like th' ETRURIAN bay†,

Secure from storms is land-locked ev'ry way.

Safe, midst the wreck of worlds, the vessel rides,

Nor minds the absent rage of winds and tides ;

Whilst from his prow the pilot, looking down,

Surveys at once God's image and his own ‡ ;

Heav'n's favour smoothes th' expanse, and calmness sleeps

On the clear mirror of the silent deeps. (u)

* *Amethyst*. EXOD. C. xxviii, V. 19. *Ibid*. C. xxxix, V. 12.

‖ EZEK. C. xxviii, V. 13, and REV. xxi. V. 20.

† The port of *Leriché*, in *Tuscany*.

‡ " One way to know GOD is perfectly to know one's self."

HUGO de *anima*.

" Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the stars, or
" depth of the sea ? Examine rather thine own soul, and wonder
" there."

ISIDOR.

(u) *Imitat. of CHRIST*, L. II, C. 1—3.

(20.) *No man at once two EDENS can enjoy :*

Nor earth and Heav'n the self-same mind employ.

Two different ways to' unsocial objects draw :

Flesh strives with Spirit, Nature combats Law :

Reason and Revelation live at strife,

Tho' meant for mutual aid, 'like man and wife. (w).

Religion and the world can ne'er agree :

One eye is sacrific'd, that one may see.

Canals, for pleasure made, with pleasure stray,

But drain at length the middle stream away.

(21.) *Life's joys and pomp at distance should appear,*

Possession brings the vulgar dawning near,

Who can rejoice to tread a devious road,

Led by false views, and serpentine from God ? (x)

“ It is not only difficult but impossible to enjoy Heaven here and
“ hereafter; or, in other words, to live in pleasure and dissipation, and
“ at the same time attain spiritual happiness. No man hath passed
“ from one Paradise to another : No man hath been the mirror of fel-
“ city in both worlds, nor shone with equal glory in earth and in hea-
“ ven.”

HIERON.

(w) *Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 24.*

(x) *Ibid. L. I, C. 21.*

Would'st

Would'st thou be vitally with CHRIST conjoin'd?

Copy his deeds, and imitate his mind (y).

No man can worldly happiness ensure;

Heav'n's consolation all men may procure. (z)

(22.) *When passions reign with arbitrary sway,*

Resistance, not compliance, wins the day. (a)

Here av'rice, there ambitious schemes prevail;

Who can quench flames when double winds assail?

Boast as we will, our christian glories lie

In humble suffering, not proud apathy. (b)

Submission an eternal crown procures;

Heav'n's hero conquers most, who most endures. —

*Like the four cherubs in EZEKIEL'S dream *,*

[What time the prophet slept by CEBAR'S stream]

(y) *Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 21.*

(z) *Ibid.*

(a) *Ibid. L. I, C. 6.*

(b) *Ibid. L. II, C. 3.*

* See EZEK. C. i.

*The CHRISTIAN, mov'd by energy divine,
 Walks forward still, in one unvarying line † :
 Nor wealth, nor pow'r, attract his wand'ring sight ;
 He swerves not to the left hand, nor the right.
 Humbly he eats, and finds the proffer'd scroll
 Sweet to the taste, inspiring to the soul ‡.
 So when SAUL's weary'd Son his fasting broke
 With honey dropping from PHILISTIAN oak,
 Returning strength and sprightliness arise,
 Glow on his cheeks, and sparkle in his eyes §.*

*When fortune smiles within doors and without,
 Man's heart, well-pleas'd, may think itself devout :
 But, when ill days, and nights of pain, succeed,
 Let him bear well, and be's devout indeed. (c)*

*(23.) Those who revenge a deed that injures them,
 Copy the very sin, which they condemn *.*

Impiously

† EZEK. C. i, V. 12.

‡ Ibid. C. iii, V. 1, 2, 3.

§ 1 SAM. C. xiv, V. 29.

(c) Imitat. of CHRIST, L. II, C. 3.

* "To return one injury for another is to revenge like man : Whereas
 " 10

*Impiously wand'ring from the Christian road,
They snatch God's own prerogative from God!*

MICHAEL in bitterness of strife consign'd
The final verdict to th' UNERRING MIND *.—

From turbulence of anger wisely keep;

THE HIND WHO SOWETH WINDS, SHALL WHIRL-
WINDS REAP †.

(24.) The *Worldling*, TEMPTER of himself,
pursues

Idols of his own making; ideot's views;

(Unhappy wretch! wrapt up in thin disguise!

Where *All* that is not *impious*, is *unwise*!)

"to revenge like God is to love our enemies. It is a great happiness
"not to be able to hurt one's neighbour, nor to have the power and
"parts to do mischief. The ingenuity of [what we call] men of the
"world, consists in knowing how to injure others, and revenge our-
"selves when injured. Whereas, on the contrary, not to return evil
"for evil is the true honour and vital principle of the Gospel."

LEON.

* JUDE V. 9. ZECH. C. iii, V. 2.

† HOSEA C. viii, V. 7. *Hind* is the head-servant in husbandry-matters. Chaucer, Dryden, and in the west of England at present.

E

See,

See, how *he* broods from night to morning's dawn,
 On eggs of *basilisks*, and *scorpion-spawn* * :
 And, after all the care he can impart,
 His foster'd miscreants sting him to the heart ;
 Swift thro' each vein the mystic poisons roil,
 Fatal alike to *body* and to *soul* † !

(25.) *Perfect would be our nature and our joy*
If man could ev'ry year one vice destroy (d) ‡.
Withdraw thee from the sins that most assail,
And labour where thy virtues least prevail. (e)

(26.) *False joys elate, and griefs as false controul*
The little pismire with an human soul || :
Oh, were he like th' un-reas'ning ant, who strives
For solid good, and but by instinct lives.

* ISAIAH C. lix, V. 4.

† MATTH. C. x, V. 28.

(d) Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 11. L. II, C. 23.

‡ " Instead of standing still, going backward, or deviating, always
 " add, always proceed : Not to advance, in some sense is to retire. It
 " is better to creep in the right way than fly in the wrong way."

St. AUGUST. in Serm.

(e) Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 25.

|| MAN.

(27.) *To wail and not amend a life mispent*

Means to confess, but means not to repent :

Tongue-penitents, like him who too much owes,

Run more in debt, and live but to impose.

(28.) *DEEM not thy unhappy, vicious ; nor devote*

To sarcasm and contempt the thread-bare coat.

Oft have we seen rich fields of genuine corn

Edg'd round with brambles, and begirt with thorn.

The pow'rs of ZEUXIS' pencil are the same,

Enclos'd in gilded, or in fable frame.

(29.) *THE down that smoothes the great man's anxious
bed,*

Was gather'd from a quiet poor man's shed :

Content and peace are found in mean estate,

*And JACOB's dreams on JACOB's pillow wait *.*

* “ And Jacob took the stones of that place and put them for his pillows.”
GEN. C. xxxviii, V. 7.

So TEKOA'S Swain, *by no vain glories led,*

Nurtur'd his herds with leaves, and humbly fed †.

(30.) *Good turns of friends we scribble on the sand,
But injuries engrav'd on marble stand †.*

(31.) *With pray'rs thy ev'ning close, thy morn begin;
But Heav'n's true SABBATH is to rest from sin.*

(32.) AN Hermit once cry'd out in private pray'r,
"Ob, if I knew that I should persevere!"
An angel's voice reply'd, in placid tone,
"What would'st thou do, if the great truth were known?
"Do NOW *, what thou intendest THEN to do,
"And everlasting safety shall ensue." (f) —
To chuse, implies delay; whilst Time devours
The sickly blossoms of preceding hours.

† AMOS C. vii, V. 14.

‡ *Kempisii dictum commune.* "Beneficia pulveri; si quid mali patimur, marmori insculpimus."

* "A Christian hath no to-morrow; that is to say, a Christian should put off no duty till to-morrow."

TERTULL.

(f) *Imitat. of CHRIST, L. I, C. 25.*

Repentance,

Repentance, well perform'd, confirms the more ;

As bones, well set, grow stronger than before.

(33.) WHEN Heav'n excites thee to a better way,

Catch the soft summons, and the call obey.

Thus MARY left her solitude and tears,

When MARTHA whisper'd, Lo thy CHRIST ap-
pears ! (g)

(34.) THE virtues of the world, which most men move,

*Are lay'rs from pride, or graftings on self-love * :*

Whatever for itself is not esteem'd,

Proves a false choice, and is not as it seem'd †.

(g) Imitat. of CHRIST L. II, C. 28. See JOHN C. ii, V. 28.

* " There is a sort of seeming Good, which, if a rational mind
" loves, it sinneth ; inasmuch as it is an object beneath the considera-
" tion of such a mind." St. AUGUST. de Ver. Relig.

" Whatever is not loved on account of its own intrinsic worth, is
" not properly loved." IDEM in Soliloq. L. I, C. 13.

† " In this life there is no virtue but in loving that which is truly
" amiable. To chuse this, is prudence ; to be averted from it by no
" terrifying circumstances, is fortitude. To be influenced by no sort of
" temptation, is temperance ; and to be affected by no ambitious views,
" is considering the thing with impartial justice as we ought to do."
IDEM de Ver. Felicitat. L. II.

(35.) THE track to Heav'n is intricate and steep ;
 Narrow to tread, and difficult to keep :
 On either hand sharp precipices lie,
 And our steps falter with the swerving eye ;
 That passage clear'd, a level road remains,
 Thro' quiet valleys and refreshing plains. (b)

(36.) MOST would buy Heav'n without a price or loss ;
 They like the PARADISE, but shun the CROSS. (i)
 MANY participate of CHRIST's repast ;
 FEW chuse his abstinence, or learn to fast. (k)
 FEW relish Christianity ; and MOST
 (In private) with their LORD would leave their coast* :
 Thousands may counterfeit th' apparent part ;
 And thousands may be GERGESENES at heart ||.

(b) *Imitat. of CHRIST, L. II, C. II, N^o. I,*

(i) *Ibid.*

(k) *Ibid.*

* MATTH. C. viii, V. 34.

|| *Ibid.*

"It is common for man to ask every blessing that God can bestow, but
 he rarely desires to possess God Himself."

AUG. in *Pselm lxxvi.*

ALL

ALL in CHRIST's kingdom would the thrones partake ;

FEW have the faith to suffer for his sake. (l)

His tasteful bread by many mouths is sought ;

FEW chuse to drink his PASSION's bitter draught. (m)

(l) *Imitat. of CHRIST*, L. II, C. 2. N^o. 1.

(m) *Ibid.* See also C. 12.

FLOS
PASSIONIS



W. Hibbert ad vivum del et Sculps.

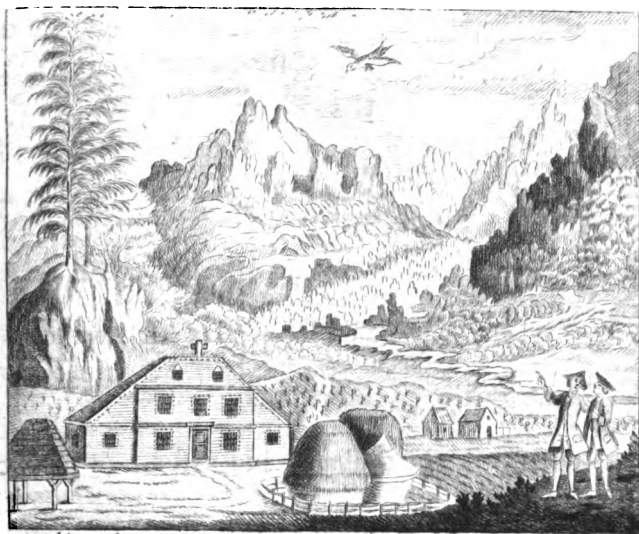
CONTENTMENT,
INDUSTRY,

AND

ACQUIESCENCE under the DIVINE WILL:

An ODE:

Written in the *Alpine* Parts of CARNIOLA, 1749.



T. Robins del.

W. Hibbard Sculp.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY,
AND
ACQUIESCENCE under the **DIVINE WILL :**
An O D E.

The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad
for them, [*the children of the Lord :*] and the
desart shall rejoice and blossom like the rose.
It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even
with joy and singing : The glory of Lebanon
shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel

mel and Sharon : They shall see the glory of
the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

ISAIAH C. XXXV, V. 1, 2.

I.

WHY dwells my un-offended eye
On yon' blank desert's trackless waste ;
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast ?
There LYSIDOR's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains EUPOSIA's praise :
There herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze.
Yet does my soul complacence find ;
All, all from Thee,
Supremely Gracious Deity,
*Corrector of the mind * !*

* " To be satisfied is the highest pitch of art man can arrive to."
St. GREGOR. Hom.

II. The

II.

The high-arch'd church is loft in sky,
 The base * with thorns and bry'rs is bound ;
 The yawning fragments nod from high,
 With close-encircling ivy crown'd :
 Heart-thrilling *echo* multiplies
 Voice after voice, creation new !
 Beasts, birds obscene, unite their cries :
 Graves ope, and spectres freeze the view.
 Yet nought dismays ; and thence we find
'Tis all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind !

III.

Earth's womb, half dead to CERES' skill,
 Can scarce the cake of off'ring give ;

* *Base* for *basis*. See ZECHAR. C. V, V. 2.

Five acres' corn can hardly fill

The peasant's wain, and bid him live.

The starving beldame gleans in vain,

In vain the hungry chough succeeds :

They curse the unprolific plain,

The scurf-grown moss, and tawdry weeds.

Yet still sufficiency we find ;

All, all from Thee,

Supremely Gracious Deity,

Corrector of the mind !

IV.

December's BOREAS issues forth,

In fullen gloom and horror drest,

Charg'd with the nitre of the north,

Abhorr'd by man, by bird, and beast.

All nature's lovely tint embrown'd

Sickens beneath the putrid blast :

Destruction

Destruction withers up the ground,

Like parchment into embers cast *.

Yet health, and strength, and ease we find :

All, all from Thee,

Supremely Gracious Deity,

Composer of the mind !

V.

Tremble, and yonder *Alp* behold †,

Where half-dead nature gasps below,

Victim of ever-lasting cold,

Entomb'd alive in endless snow.

* ————— *inamabile frigus* ADURIT. VIRG.

Much to the same purpose is a passage in the *Son of Sirach* : —
 “ *When the cold north-wind bloweth, and the water is congealed into*
 “ *ice, He poureth the hoar-frost upon the earth. It abideth upon every*
 “ *gathering together of water, and cloatheth the water with a breast-*
 “ *plate. It DEVOURETH the mountain, and BURNETH the wilder-*
 “ *ness, and consumeth the grass as FIRE.*” C. xliii, V. 19, 21.

† A *glacière*, or ice-mountain.

*Cuncta gelu, cunctaque æternum grandine tecta,
 Atque ævi glaciem cobibent : riget ardua montis
 Æthenii facies, surgentique obvia Phæbo
 Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas.*

SIL. ITAL.

The

The northern side is horror all ;
 Against the southern PHOEBUS plays ;
 In vain th' innoxious glimm'rings fall,
 The frost out-lives, out-shines the rays.
 Yet consolation still I find ;
And all from Thee,
Supremely Gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind !

VI.

Bless me ! how doubly sharp it blows,
 From *Zembla* and *Tartarian* coasts !
 In sullen silence fall the snows,
 The only lustre nature boasts ;
 The nitrous pow'r with ten-fold force
 Half petrifies earth's barren womb,
 High-arch'd cascades suspend their force,
 Men freeze alive, and in the tomb.

Yet

Yet warmth and happiness we find ;

All, all from Thee,

Supremely Gracious Deity,

Composer of the mind !

VII.

Then, in exchange, a month or more

The Sun with fierce solstitial gleams

Darting o'er vales his raging pow'r,

Like ray-collecting mirrors, beams.

Torrents and cataracts are dry,

Men seek the scanty shades in vain :

The solar darts like lightning fly,

Transpierce the skull, and scorch the brain *.

Yet still no restless heats we find ;

And all from Thee,

* " The Sun parcheth the country, and who can abide the burning
" heat thereof ? A man blowing a furnace is in works of heat, but
" the Sun burneth the mountains three times more ; breathing out fiery
" vapours and sending forth bright beams it dimmeth the eyes."

ECCLUS. Ch. xliii, v 3, 4.

*Supremely Gracious Deity,**Corrèctor of the mind !*

VIII.

For nature rarely form'd a foil

Where *diligence* subsistence wants :

Exert but care, nor spare the toil,

And all beyond, th' ALMIGHTY grants.

Each earth at length to culture yields,

Each earth its own *manure* † contains :

Thus the CORYCIAN mureth his fields *,

Heav'n gave th' encrease, and he the pains,

Th' Industrious peace and plenty find ;

*All due to Thee,**Supremely Gracious Deity,**Composer of the mind !*† Du Hamel ; *Elem. d'Agricult. Potulle ; Meliorat. des Terres,*

* Virg. Georg. IV, § 127, &c.

IX.

SCIPIO fought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gain'd the prize,
Stole from th' ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be *low and wise!*
He serv'd the state with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retir'd ;
Dismounting from th' unruly horse,
To rule himself, as sense requir'd.
Without a sigh, he pow'r resign'd. —
All, all from Thee,
Supremely Gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind !

X.

When DIOCLESIAN sought repose,
Cloy'd and fatigu'd with nauseous pow'r,

F 2

He

He left his empire to his foes,
 For fools t' admire, and rogues devour :
 Rich in his poverty, he bought
 Retirement's innocence and health,
 With his own hands the monarch wrought,
 And chang'd a throne for CERES' wealth.
 Toil sooth'd his cares, his blood refin'd. —
And all from Thee,
Supremely Gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind !

XI.

He *, who had rul'd the world; exchang'd
 His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
 Postponing [as thro' groves he rang'd]
 Court-splendour to the rural shade.
 Child of his hand, th' *engrafted thorn*
 More than the *victor-laurel* pleas'd :

* DIOCLESIAN.

Heart's-

Heart's-ease *, and *meadow-sweet* †, adorn

The brow, from civic garlands eas'd.

Fortune, however poor, was kind. —

All, all from Thee,

Supremely Gracious Deity,

Corrector of the mind !

XII.

Thus CHARLES, with justice styl'd the GREAT ‡

For valour, piety, and laws ;

Resign'd two empires to retreat,

And from a throne to shades withdraws ;

In vain, [to soothe a monarch's pride]

His yoke the willing *Persian* bore :

* *Heart's-ease*, *viola tricolor* ; called also by our old Poets *Love in idleness* ; *Pansy* [from the French *pensée*, or the Italian *pensieri* :] *Three faces under a hood*, *Herb Trinity*, *Look up and kiss me*, *Kiss me at the gate*, &c.

† *Spiræa*, named also in ancient English poetry. *Mead-sweet*, *Queen of the meads*, *Bride-wort*, &c.

‡ *Charlemagne*.

70 CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY,

In vain the *Saracens* comply'd,
 And fierce *Northumbrians* stain'd with gore;
 One *Gallic* farm his cares confin'd ;
And all from Thee,
Supremely Gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind !

XIII.

Observant of th' Almighty-will,
 Prescient in faith, and pleas'd with toil;
 ABRAM CHALDE'A left, to till
 The moss-grown HARAN's flinty soil * :
Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
 The *common-wealth* of weeds rebell'd,
 But labour tam'd th' ungrateful plain,
 And famine was by art repell'd ;

* GEN. Ch. xii, § 31. NEHEM. Ch. ix, § 7. JUDITH Ch. v,
 7. ACTS Ch. vii, § 2—11.

Patience

Patience made churlish nature kind. —

All, all from Thee,

Supremely Gracious Deity,

Corrector of the mind !

Formidine nulla ;

Quippe in corde DEUS —.

STAT. *Theb.* IV, v. 489.



THE
V I S I O N
O F
D E A T H.

*Imperfecta tibi elapsa est, ingrataque vita :
Et nec-opinanti MORS ad caput adstetit, ante
Quam satur, ac plenus possis discedere rerum.*

LUCRET.

Mille modis leti miseros MORS una fatigat.

STAT. Theb. IX, v. 280.

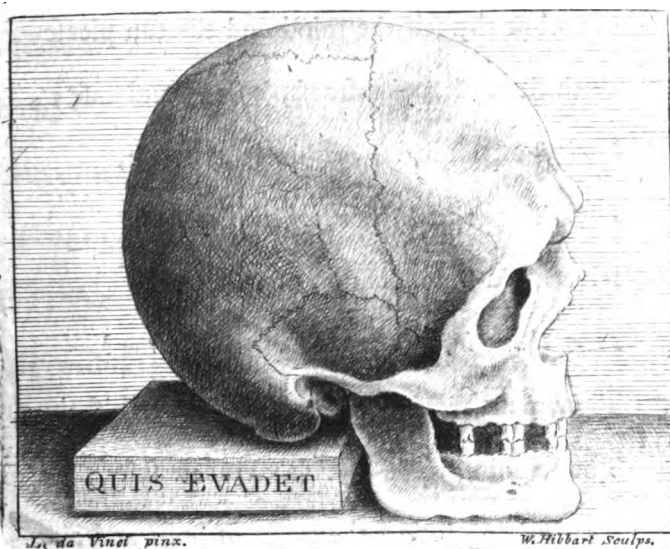
ADVERTISEMENT.

AS this Poem is an imperfect attempt to imitate DRYDEN's manner, I have of course admitted more triplets and Alexandrine verses than I might otherwise have done. Upon the whole, many good judges have thought, [and such was the private opinion of my much-honoured friend ELIJAH FENTON in particular] that DRYDEN has too many Alexandrines and triplets, and POPE too few. The ONE by aiming at variety [for his ear was excellent,] was betrayed into a careless diffusion; and the OTHER, by affecting an over-scrupulous regularity, fell into sameness and restraint.

We speak this with all due deference to the two capital Poets of the last and present century: And say of them as the Successor of Virgil said of Amphiaräus and Admetus;

AMBO BONI, CHARIQUE AMBO. —

Theb. vi.



THE
VISION
OF
DEATH.

INTRODUCTION.

DRYDEN, forgive the Muse that apes thy
voice,

Weak to perform, but fortunate in choice.

Who

Who but thy self the mind and ear can please
 With strength and softness, energy and ease ;
Various of numbers, *new* in ev'ry strain,
Diffus'd, yet terse, *poetical*, tho' plain :
 Diversify'd 'midst unison of chime ;
Freer than air, yet *manacled* with rhyme ?
 Thou mak'st each quarry which thou seek'st thy prize,
 The reigning eagle of PARNASSIAN skies ;
 Now soaring 'midst the tracts of light and air,
 And now the monarch of the woods and *lair* * . —
 Two kingdoms thy united realm compose,
 The land of *poetry*, and land of *prose*.
 Each orphan-muse thy absence inly mourns ;
 Makes short excursions, and as quick returns :
 No more they triumph in their *fancy'd* bays,
 But crown'd with *wood-bine* DEDICATE their lays.

* *Lager*, *lair*, and *lay*, The surface of arable or grass-lands.
Cbaucer ; *Folkingham*, 1610 ; *Dryden*. *Laire* also signifies the place
 where beasts sleep in the fields, and where they leave the mark of
 their bodies on young corn, grass, &c.

Thy

Thy *thoughts* and *music* change with ev'ry line;
 No sameness of a *prattling* stream is thine,
 Which, with one unison of murmur, flows ;
 Opiate of in-attention and repose !
 [So HURON-leeches, when their patient lies
 In fev'rish restlessness with un-clos'd eyes,
 Apply with gentle strokes their osier-rod,
 And tap by tap invite the sleepy God *.]
 No——'Tis thy pow'r, [thine only,] tho' in rhyme,
 To vary ev'ry pause, and ev'ry chime ;
Infinite descant † ! *sweetly wild and true,*
 Still shifting, still improving, and still new ! ——
 In quest of classic-plants, and where they grow,
 We trace thee, like a lev'ret in the snow.
 Of all the pow'rs the human mind can boast,
 The pow'rs of poetry are *latest* lost :

* *Voyages du Baron La Hontan.*

† *Milton.*

The

The falling of thy tresses at *threescore*,

Gave room to make thy laurels show the more *.

This *Prince of poets*, who before us went,

Had a *vast income*, and *profusely* spent :

Some have his *lands*, but none his *treasur'd store*,

Lands un-manur'd by us, and mortgag'd o'er and o'er!

“ *About his wreaths the vulgar muses strive,*

“ *And with a touch their wither'd bays revive †!*”

They kiss his tomb, and are enthusiasts made ;

So STATIUS slept, inspir'd by VIRGIL's shade ‡.

To SPENCER much, to MILTON much is due ;

But in Great DRYDEN we preserve the *Two*.

* The verses of *Robert Waring*, [a friend of *Dr. Donne's*] on a poet in the beginning of the last century, may be applied to DRYDEN :

“ *Younger with years, with studies fresher grown,*

“ *Still in the bud, still blooming, yet full-blown.*”

† *Dryden's Prologus to TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

‡ ———— *tenues ignavo pollice chordas*
Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, & magni tumulis accanto magistri.

SYLV. Lib. IV.

What

What Muse but *his* can nature's beauties hit,
Or catch that airy fugitive, call'd *wit*?

From limbs of this great HERCULES are fram'd
Whole groups of *pigmies*, who are *verse-men* nam'd:
Each has a little soul he calls his own,
And each *enunciates* with a human tone:
Alike in shape; unlike in strength and size; —
ONE lives for ages, *one* just breathes and dies.

O Thou, too great to rival or to praise;
Forgive, lamented shade, these dutious lays.
LEE had thy fire, and CONGREVE had thy wit;
And copyists, here and there, some likeness hit;
But none possess'd thy *graces*, and thy *ease*;
In Thee alone 'twas NATURAL to please!

More still I think, and more I wish to say;
But bus'ness calls the Muse another way.

IN

IN those fair vales by nature form'd to please,
 Where GUADALQUI'VER serpentines with ease,
 [The richest tract the ANDALUSIANS know,
 Fertile in herbage, grateful to the plow,]
 A lovely *villa* stood ; [suppose it mine ;]
 Rich without cost, and without labour fine ;
 Indulgent nature all her beauties brought,
 And art withdrew, un-ask'd for, and un-sought.
 For lo, th' *Iberians* by tradition found
 That the whole district once was classic ground ;
 Here COLUMELLA first improv'd the plains,
 And show'd *Ascræan* arts to simple swains :
 Taught by the GEORGIC-MUSE the lyre he strung,
 And sung, what dying VIRGIL left un-sung *.

Fatigu'd with courts, and votary to truth,
 Hither I fled, philosopher, and youth :

Et quæ
Virgilius nobis post se memoranda reliquit.
 COLUM. de Hortis, L. X.

And,

And, leaving OLIVAREZ to sustain
Th' encumb'ring *fascēs* of ambitious SPAIN,
[As once rash PHAETON usurp'd a day,
Mis-led the seasons, and mistook his way,]
I chose to wander in the silent wood,
Or breathe my aspirations to the flood,
Studying the humble science to be good.
From the brute beasts humanity I learn'd,
And in the pansy's life God's *providence* discern'd.

'Twas now the joyous season of the year :
The sun had reach'd the TWINS in bright career ;
Nature, awaken'd from six months repose,
Sprung from her verdant couch ;—and active rose
Like health refresh'd with wine ; she smil'd, array'd
With all the charms of sun-shine, stream, and glade,
New drest and blooming as a bridal maid.

Yet all these charms could never lull to rest
A peevish irksomeness which teiz'd my breast ;

G

The

The vernal torrent, murm'ring from afar,
Whisper'd no peace to calm this nervous war;
And PHILOMEL, the SIREN of the plain,
Sung soporific unisons in vain.
I sought my bed, in hopes relief to find;
But restlessness was mistress of my mind.
My wayward limbs were turn'd, and turn'd in vain,—
Yet free from grief was I, and void of pain.
In me, as yet, ambition had no part;
Pride had not sower'd, nor wealth debas'd my heart.
I knew not public cares, nor private strife; —
And love, the blessing, or the curse of life,
Had only hover'd round me like a dream,
Play'd on the surface, not disturb'd the stream.
Yet still I felt, what young men often feel;
[Impossible to tell, or to conceal,]
When nothing makes them sick but too much wealth,
Or wild o'er-boiling of ungovern'd health;

Whose

The Vision of DEATH.

85

Whole grievance is satiety of woe,
Freedom their pain, and plenty their disease.
By night, by day, from pole to pole they run;
Or from the setting sock the rising sun;
No poor deserting soldier makes such haste,
No doves pursu'd by falcons fly so fast;
And when AUTOMEDON at length attains
The place he sought for with such cost and pain,
Swift to embrace, and eager to pursue,
He finds he has no earthly thing to do;
Then yawns for sleep, the opium of the mind,
The last dull refuge indolence can find*.

Most men, like DAVID, wayward in extremes,
Languish for RAMAN's cisterns, and her streams:

* *Curis agens mannos ad villam hic precipitantes,
Auxilium tellis quasi ferre ardentibus insanas.
Oscitat extemplo tetigit cum limina villæ,
Atq' abis in somnum gravis, atque oblivia quærit.*

LUCRET. L. III, § 1076.

The bev'rage fought for comes ; capricious, they
Loathe their own choice, and wish the boon away *.

Such was my state. " O gentle SLEEP," I cry'd,

" Why is thy gift to me alone deny'd ?

" Mildest of beings, friend to ev'ry clime,

" Where lies my error, what has been my crime ?

" Beasts, birds, and cattle feel thy balmy rod ;

" The drowsy mountains wave, and seem to nod ;

" The torrents cease to chide, the seas to roar,

" And the hush'd waves recline upon the shoar."

Perhaps the wretch, whose God is wealth and care,

Rejects the precious object of my pray'r :

Th' ambitious statesman strives not to partake

Thy blessings, but desires to *dream* awake :

" The lover rudely thrusts thee from his arms,

" And like Ixion clasps imagin'd charms.

" Thence come to me.——Let others ask for more ;

" I ask the slightest influence of thy pow'r :

* See *Sandys's* TRAV. P. 137, and 1 CHRON. Ch. xi, v 17, &c.

" Swiftest

“ Swiftest in flight of all terrestrial things,

“ Oh only touch my eye-lids with thy wings * 12.

So spoke I restless ; and, then springing light

From my tir'd bed, walk'd forth in meer despite.

What impulse mov'd my steps I dare not say ;

Perhaps some guardian-angel mark'd the way.

By this time PHOSPHER had his lamp withdrawn,

And rising PHOEBUS glow'd on ev'ry lawn.

The air was gentle, [for the month was *May*,]

And ev'ry scene look'd innocent and gay.

* All the verses in this Paragraph marked with inverted commas are imitated from a famous passage in *Statius*, never yet translated into our language. The original perhaps is as fine a morsel of poetry as antiquity can boast of.

*Crimine quo merui juvenis placidissime divum
Quóve errore miser, donis ut solus egenem
SOMNE tuis ? Tacet omne pecus, volucresque, stræque ;
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.
Nec truibus styviis idem sonus. Occidit horror
Æquoris, & terris maria acclinata quiescunt.
At nunc heus aliquis longa sub nocte puella
Brachia nexa tenens, ultro te SOMNE repellis.
Inde veni. Nec te totas infundera pennas
Luminibus compello meis, [hoc turba precatur
Lætior ;] extremo me tange cacumine virgæ,
Sufficit ; aut leviter suspensio prælite transi.*

SYLV. L. V.

In pious matins birds with birds conspire, ———

Some lead the notes, and some assist the choir,

The goat-herd, gravely pacing with his flock,

Leads them to heaths and bry'rs, and crags and rocks.

Th' impatient mower with an aspect blithe

Surveys the slain-soyn-fields *, and whets his scythe.

YNOISA, SANCHIA, BEATRIZ, prepare

To turn th' ALFALSA-swarths † with anxious care.

[No more for Moorish sarabands they call,

Their castanets hang idle on the wall :]

ALFALSA, whose luxuriant herbage feeds

The lab'ring ox, mild sheep, and fiery steeds :

Which ev'ry summer, ev'ry thirtieth morn,

I six times re-product, and six times shorn,

The Cembran pine-trees ‡ form an awful shade,

And their rich balm perfumes the neighb'ring glade ;

[Whilst

* The best species of this grass, hitherto known, is in *Andalusia*.

† *Alfalfa* [from the old Arabian word *alfalfa*] *LUCERNA-Grass*.

‡ At present the Spaniards call it also *Ervaye*.

§ A sort of ever-green larch : *Pinus Cembra*. This beautiful tree grows

[Whilst humbler olives, intermix'd between,
Had chang'd their fruit to *filamotte* from green :]
The *Punic* granate * op'd its rose-like flow'rs ;
The orange breath'd its aromatic pow'rs.

Wand'ring still on, at length my eyes survey'd
A painted seat, beneath a larch-tree's shade
I fate, and try'd to dose, but slumber fled ;
I then essay'd a book, and thus I read † :

“ Suppose, O man, great Nature's voice should call
“ To thee, or me, or any of us all ;
“ What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch ! thou vain
“ Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain ?
“ If all the bounteous blessings I could give
“ Thou hadst enjoy'd ; If thou hadst known to live,
“ [And pleasure not look'd thro' thee like a sieve ;]

grows wild on the Spanish *Apennines*, and is raised by culture in less mountainous places. What name the Natives give it I have forgotten ; but the French in the *Briançois* call it *aubus*, and the *Italians* in the bishoprick of *Trente*, in *Fiume*, &c. give it the name of *cirmoli*, not *laricht*.

* The *Pom-granate*.

† The Spanish author introduces the following passages from *Lugares*.

" *Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feast,*

" *Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and take thy*

" *rest?*

" *But, if my blessings thou hast thrown away,*

" *If indigested joys pass'd thro' and would not stay,*

" *Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?*

" *If life be grown a load, a real ill,*

" *And I would all thy cares and labours end,*

" *Lay down thy burthen, fool! and know thy friend.*

" *To please thee, I have empty'd all my store,*

" *I can invent and can supply no more:*

" *But run the round again, the round I ran before.*

" *Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,*

" *Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,*

" *And would be ever, could'st thou ever live;*

" *For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.*

" *What can we plead against so just a bill?*

" *We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.*

" *But*

- “ But if a wretch, a man oppress’d by fate,
“ Should beg of nature to prolong his date,
“ She speaks aloud to him, with more disdain ;
“ Be still, thou martyr-fool, thou covetous of pain.
“ But if an old decrepid sot lament ;
“ What thou ! she cries, who hast out-liv’d content ?
“ Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy’d my store ? —
“ But this is still th’effect of wishing more !
“ Unsatisfy’d with all that nature brings,
“ Loathing the present, liking absent things.
“ From hence it comes, thy vain desires at strife
“ Within themselves, have tantaliz’d thy life ;
“ And ghastly death appear’d before thy sight
“ E’er thou hast gorg’d thy soul and senses with delight.
“ Now leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
“ To a fresh comer, and resign the stage.
“ Mean-time, when thoughts of death disturb thy bead,
“ Consider, ANCUS, great and good, is dead :*

ANCUS,

90 *The Vision of DEATH.*

" *Ancus, thy better far, was born to die :*

" *And thou, dost thou bewail mortality * ?*"

Charm'd with these lines of reason and good sense,
[No matter who the author was, nor whence,]
I stopp'd, and into contemplation fell ;
Amaz'd an impious Wit should think so well ;
Who often [to his own and reader's cost]
To show the atheist, half the poet lost.
[Knowing too much, makes many a muse unfit ;
'Tis not the *bloom*, but *plethora* of wit. —]
At length a drowsiness arrested thought,
And sleep [as is her custom] came unsought.

Now listen to the purport of my tale.
Methought I wander'd in a *Fairy vale* :
Replete with people of each sex and age ;
Good, bad, great, small, the foolish, and the sage :

* *Lucret. L. III, translated by Dryden.*

Whilst

Whilst on the ground promiscuously were laid

Stars, mitres, rags, the sceptre, and the spade.

At length a haughty *Dame* approach'd my view,

Whom by no single attribute I knew ;

For all that painters feign, and bards devise,

Is meer mock-imag'ry, and artful lyes.

Boldly she look'd, like one of high degree ;

Yet never seem'd to cast a glance on me ;

At which I inly joy'd ; for, truth to say,

I felt an *unknown* awe, and *some* dismay.

She pass'd me : Her side-face was smooth and fair ;

[Much as fine women, turn'd of forty, are :]

When, turning short, and un-perceiv'd by me,

She grasp'd my throat, and spoke with stern authority :

“ *Him, whom I seek, art thou ! Thy race is run :*

“ *My journey's ended, and thy bus'ness done,*

“ Surrender up to me thy captive-breath,

“ My pow'r is nature's pow'r, my name is DEATH !”

Have

Have you e'er seen th' affrighted peasant grasp
 [Searching for flow'rs or fruits] th' envenom'd asp ?
 Or have you ever felt th' impetuous shock,
 When the swift vessel splits upon a rock ?
 Or mark'd a face with horror over-spread,
 When the *third* apoplex invades the head ?
 Then form some image of my ghastly fright ;
 Fear stopp'd my voice, and terror dimm'd my sight :
 My heart flew from its place † in consternation,
 And *Nature* felt a short annihilation :
 Then—with a plunge—I sobb'd ;—and with faint eyes
 Look'd upwards, to the Ruler of the skies *.

At length — recov'ring — in a broken tone —
 Princess — I cry'd, — Thy pris'ner is undone. —
 Despair and misery succeed to fear : —
 Oh had I known thy presence was so near !

† Job Ch. xxxvii, v. 1.

* From STATIUS.

*Stabat anhelans mater, solum Natara Tenentem
 Respiciens. —*

Achill. I, v. 487.

Abrupt

Abrupt th' inexorable Pow'r reply'd,

[Then turn'd her face, and show'd the hideous side:]

Fool! 'tis too late to wish, too late to pray :

Thou hadst the *means*, but not the *will* to pay ;

Each day of human life is *warning*-day.

The *present* point of time is all thou hast,

The *future* doubtful, and the *former* past !

Yet, as I read contrition in thy eyes,

And thy breast heaves with terror and surprize,

[I, who as yet was never known to show

False pity to premeditated woe]

Will graciously explain great nature's laws,

And hear thy sophisms in so *plain* a cause.

There is a reason, [which to time I leave]

Why I give thee alone this short reprieve *.

Banish thy fears, urge all thy wit can find,

Suppose me what I am, suppose thy self mankind !

* The reason is, that what here happens is a vision, and not a reality.

She

She spoke, and led me by a private way,
 Where a small winding path half-printed lay :
 Then, turning short, an avenue we 'spy'd,
 Long, smoothly pav'd, magnificently wide.
 Dark *cypresses* the skirting sides adorn'd,
 And gloomy *eyeb-trees*, which for ever mourn'd ;
 Whilst, on the margin of the beaten road,
 Its pallid bloom sick-smelling *ben-bane* shew'd ;
 Next emblematic *rose-mary* appear'd,
 And lurid *hemlock* its stain'd stalks up-rear'd,
 [God's signature to man in evil hour ! —]
 Nor were the *night-shades* wanting, nor the pow'r
 Of thorn'd *Stramonium*, nor the sickly flow'r
 Of cloying *mandrakes* ; the deceitful root
 Of the monk's fraudulent *cowl**, and *Plinian* fruit †.

* *Napellus* ; *monk's-hood*, *friar's cowl* ; the most dangerous sort of aconite.

† *Amomum Plinii*.

Hypericon

Hypericon * was there, the herb of war,

Pierc'd thro' with wounds, and seam'd with many a
scar:

Add pale *nymphs* † with her clay-cold breath;

And *poppies*, which suborn the sleep of death.

This avenue [myfterious to relate]

Surpriz'd me much, and warn'd me of my fate.

Its length at first approach enormous seem'd;

Full half a thousand *stadia* ‡ as I deem'd:

But then the road was smooth and fair to see;

[With such insensible declivity]

That what men thought a tedious course to run,

Was finish'd oft the hour it first begun.

* *St. John's Wort*. See GONDIBERT, L. I, Canto 6. This plant is called by us the *herb of war*, not merely because its juice is of a bloody colour, but because it is one of the principal vulnerary herbs used in making the famous *arquebuse-water*.—And again, as its leaves are full of little punctures and holes, it is named by *Latin* writers *Porsia*, and *Perfoliata*: The *French* call it *Mille-Pertuis*, and the *Italians*, *Perforata*.

† *Water-Lilly*.

‡ About three-score and ten miles: Emblematical of the *Psalmist's* duration of human life.

Sudden, arriving at a palace-gate,

I saw a spectre in the portal wait :

An ill-shap'd monster, hideous to be seen ;

She seem'd, methought, the mother of the queen*.

Opening their valves, self-mov'd on either side, }

The adamantine doors expanded wide :

When Death commands they close, when Death
commands divide. }

Then quick we enter'd a magnific hall,

Where groups of trophies over-spread the wall.

In sable scrawls I NERO's name perus'd,

And HEROD's, with a sanguine stain suffus'd ;

While NUMA's name adorn'd a radiant place,

And that of TITUS deck'd a milk-white space.

Now, cry'd the *Pow'r of Death*, survey me well :

Thy shame, remorse, and disappointment tell ;

Why dost thou tremble still, and whence thy dread ?

Why shake thy lips, and why thy colour fled ?

* SIN.

Spea*

Speak, vassal, recognize thy sov'reign Queen :

Hast thou ne'er seen me ? Know'st thou not me, seen ?

“ Liege-mistress, whom the greatest Kings adore,

“ I own my homage, and confess thy pow'r.

“ Alone, *that* sov'reignty on earth is thine,

“ Which justly proves its claim to *right divine* :

“ Thine is the *old hereditary* sway,

“ Which mortals *ought*, and mortals *must* obey.

“ But, Empress, thou hast not the form I deem'd :

“ VELASQUEZ * painted lies, and CAMOËNS *

dream'd :

“ I thought to meet, [as late as Heav'n might grant !]

“ A skeleton, ferocious, tall, and gaunt ;

“ Whose loose teeth in their naked sockets shook,

“ And grinn'd terrific, a *Sardonian* look †.

* Two *Spaniards*, the one a famous painter, and the other a celebrated poet.

† According to the antients the *Herba Sardoä*, or *apium risûs*, [by some supposed to be the *water crow-foot*] brought on, after being eaten, such horrid convulsions, that the party died grinning, thro' the extremity of agony.

H

“ I thought

" I thought, besides, thy right-hand aim'd a dart,

" Resistless, to transpierce the human heart,

" *And that thy likeness of a bead sustain'd*

" *A regal crown* * : But all was false, or feign'd."

" I see thee now, delusive as thou art,

" Without one *symbol* to alarm the heart :

" Not ev'n upon thy flowing vest is shown

" An emblematic dart, or charnel-bone ;

" I rather see it, glorious to behold,

" With rubies edg'd, and pursled o'er with gold :

" Gay *annual* flow'rs adorn each vacant space,

" Of short-liv'd beauty, and uncertain grace.——

" Artificer of fraud and deep disguise !

" Prompt to perform, ingenious to surprize :

" In ev'ry light [as far as man can see

" By thy consent] supreme Hypocrisy !

* MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, L. II, v 672.

" Punish

“ Punish thy hopeless captive if he lies. —

“ Instead of a scalp'd skull, and empty eyes,

“ Bones without flesh, and [as we all suppose]

“ Vacuity of lips, and cheeks, and nose,

“ [So dextrous is thy sorcery and care !]

“ I see a woman tolerably fair.

“ Instead of fable robes and mournful gear,

“ *Camelion*-like, a thousand garbs you wear,

“ Nor bear the *black* and *solemn* thrice a year ;

“ Drest in gay robes, whose shifting colours show

“ The varying glories of the show'ry bow,

“ Glowing with waves of gold ; sea-tinctur'd green,

“ Rich azure, and the bloomy *gridelline* †.

“ Thus in appearances you cheat us all,

“ Plan our disgraces, and contrive our fall ;

† DRYDEN'S *Flower and Leaf*. “ Bright crimson and pure white, sweetly mixed in waves and melting one into the other, make the colour which our ancient poets called *gridelline*.”

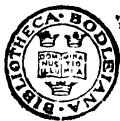
H 2

“ Something

- “ Something you ‘show, that ev’ry fool may hit,
 “ With mirth you treat, and bait that mirth with wit :
 “ *Falſe hopes*, the LOVES and GRACES of your train,
 “ [Pimps to the great, th’ ambitious, and the vain,]
 “ Summon your gueſts, and in attendance wait ;
 “ While *You*, like eaſtern queens, conceal’d in ſtate,
 “ O’erlook the whole ; th’ audacious jeſt refine,
 “ Smile on the feaſt *, and ſparkle in the wine.
 “ ARACHNE’ thus in ambuſh’d covert lies ;
 “ Wits, atheiſts, jobbers, ſtateſmen, are the *flies*.
 “ Doom’d to be loſt, they dream of no deceit,
 “ And, fond of ruin, over-look the cheat ;
 “ Pride ſtands for joy, and riches for delight : —
 “ Weak men love weakneſs, in their own deſpite ;
 “ And, finding in their native funds no eaſe,
 Assume the garb of fools and hope to pleaſe. —

* *In ſpeculis Mors atra ſedet, dominique ſilentis
 Adnumerat populos.* —

STAT. Theb. L. IV, § 527.



“ Wretches

- “ Wretches when sick of life for *rats-bane* call :
- “ ’Twere worth our while to give them *fool-bane* all :
- “ Since by degrees each mis-conceiving elf
- “ Is ruin’d, not by nature, but himself.
- “ Too late I see thy fraudulent face *entire* :
- “ *One Half* half-mimics health ; half-means desire ;
- “ And, tho’ true youth and nature have no part,
- “ Yet paint enlivens it, and wiles, and art ;
- “ Colours laid on with a true harlot-grace ;
- “ They only show themselves, and hide the face.
- “ The *other Half* is hideous to behold,
- “ Ugly as grandame-apes, and full as old.
- “ There time has spent the fury of his course,
- “ And plough’d and harrow’d with repeated force :
- “ One blinking eye with scalding rheum suffus’d,
- “ A leg contracted, and an arm diffus’d ;
- “ An half-liv’d emblem, fit for man to see ;
- “ An *hemiplegia* of deformity !

- “ But, Princess, to thy cunning be it known,
 “ This emblematic side is rarely shown ;
 “ Man would start back if wedded to the crone. }
 “ Side-long it is your custom to advance,
 “ Show the *fair* Half, and hide the *foul*, askance ;
 “ And, like a vet’ran tempter, cast an eye
 “ Of glancing blandishment in passing by.
 “ By stealing *side-ways* with a silent pace
 “ Man rarely sees the *moral* of your face :
 “ And [what’s the dang’rous frenzy of the whim]
 “ Concludes, you’ve no immediate call for him.
 “ Adjoin to this, your necromantic pow’rs,
 “ Contracting half an age to half an hour.
 “ Just so the *cyphers* from the *unit* fled,
 “ When MALICORN the *demon*’s contract read *,
 “ The *unit* in the fore-most column, stood,
 “ And the two *cyphers* were obscur’d with blood †.

“ Two

* *D. of Guise*, a Tragedy. DAYDEN.

† *Malicorn* was an astrologer advanced in years, but, being ambitious

- “ Two other *mistress-arts* You make your own ;
 “ To CIRCE and URGANDA arts unknown :
 “ When men look on you, and your steps survey,
 “ You seem to glide a-slant another way :
 “ But the first moment they withdraw their eye
 “ Swift you take wing, and like a vulture fly,
 “ Which snuffs the distant quarry in the wind,
 “ And marks the carcass she is sure to find.——
 “ The next deception is more wond’rous still ;
 “ O grand artificer of fraud and ill !
 “ When the sick man up-lifts the sash t’ inhale
 “ Th’ enlivening breezes of the western gale,
 “ To snatch one glympse of ease from flow’ry fields,
 “ And [fancying] taste the joy which nature yields ;

bitious of making a great figure in this world, made over his soul to *Satan*, upon condition that he enjoyed earthly grandeur for 100 years more. The contract was written, signed and sealed in due form, when lo, at the expiration of one year the evil spirit entered *Malicorn’s* chamber, preceded by thunder and lightning, and demanded him as his forfeit. The astrologer was exceedingly terrified, and, after making many remonstrances, insisted on seeing the original contract ; but the cyphers in number 100 were written with evanescent ink, and the figure 1 only remained legible. The moral of this fiction is incomparable. See *AE V*, Sc. 5.

" Far as the landscape's verge admits his view,
 " He fees a *phantom*, and concludes it *you*.
 " A gleam of courage then relieves his breast,
 " *Be calm my soul*, he cries, *and take thy rest* † :
 " When at that moment, dreadful to relate,
 " [For all but he that ought observe his fate,]
 " The wife, the son, the friend perceive *thee* stand
 " Behind his curtains with up-lifted hand,
 " *Thee*, real *Thee* ! to drive the deadly dart,
 " And at one sudden stroke transpierce the heart ! "

CULPRIT, *thou hast thy piteous story told,*
As trite as PRIAM's tale, and twice as old,
 Reply'd the Queen : *Painters and bards, 'tis true,*
Have neither sung me right, nor justly drew :
I am not the gaunt spectre they devize
With chap-fall'n mouth, and with extinguish'd eyes.——
Whether enlighten'd with an heav'nly ray,
Or whether thou hast better guess'd than they,

† LUKE Ch. xii. † 13.

I say not ; yet thus much I must confess,

Thy knowledge is superior, or thy guess.

I own the feign'd retreat, th' oblique advance,

The flight I take unseen, th' illusive glance,

The blandishments of artificial grace,

The sound, the palsy'd limbs, and double face.

All I contend for, [there the question lies,]

Is this ; Let men but look thro' wisdom's eyes,

And death ne'er takes them by a false surprize.

Did not thy MAKER, when he gave thee birth,

Create thee out of perishable earth ?

Where hot, and cold, the rough, and lenient fight,

The hard, and soft, the heavy, and the light :

Whilst ev'ry atom fretted to decay

The heterogeneous lump of jarring clay ?——

Was not just death entail'd on thee and all,

[Such the decree of Heav'n] in ADAM's Fall ?

The

The parent-plant receiv'd a taint at root,

Hence the weak branches, hence the sickly fruit.

Thus with spring's genial balm and sun-shine fed

The annual flouret lifts its tender bead,

In summer blooming, and at winter dead ;

Nay, if by chance a lasting plant be found,

Whose roots pierce deep th' inhospitable ground ;

Whose verdant leaves, [life's common autumn past]

Bid fair t' out-live the bitter wintry blast,

And green old-age predicts a vernal shoot ;——

I lend my hand to pluck both branch and root. ——

Man is no more perennial than a flow'r ;

Some may live years, some months, and some an hour.

When first thou gav'st the promise of a man,

When th' embryon-speck of entity began,

Was not the plastic atom at a strife,

'Twixt death ambiguous and a twilight life,

Struggling

*Struggling with dubious shade and dubious light
Like the moon's orb ; whilst nations in affright
Hope for new day, but fear eternal night ?*

}

*When motionless the half-form'd Fœtus lay,
And doubtful life just gleam'd a glimm'ring ray,
When nature bade the vital tide to reel,
I cloath'd with crust of flesh that gem the soul ;
My mortal dart th' immortal stream desil'd,
And the fire's frailties flow'd into the child.
The very milk his pious mother gave
Turn'd poison, and but nurs'd him for the grave *,
In ev'ry atom that his frame compos'd
I weak to strong, unsound to sound oppos'd,
Cruel, and proud of a deputed reign,
I ting'd the limpid stream with gloomy pain ;*

* " Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, what thou
" art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death.
" Thou wast made of an impure substance, and cloathed and nourished
" in thy mother's blood."

St. AUGUST.

Nor

Nor yet contented, in the current threw

Discolour'd sickness of each dismal hue.

Thus from the source which first life's waters gave,

Till their last final home, the ocean-grave,

Infection blends itself in ev'ry wave :

MARASMUS, atrophy, the gout, and stone ;

Fruits of our parents' folly and our own !

To live in health and ease you idly feign ;

Man's sprightliest days are intermitting pain.

Changing for worse, and never warn'd by ill,

Still the same bait, the same deception still !

Youth has new times for change, and may command ;

Age ventures all upon a losing hand.

The liberty you boast of is a cheat :

Licentiousness lurks under the deceit :

Plenty of means you have, and pow'r to chuse ;

Yet still you take the bad, the good refuse.

The

*The freedom of the tempests you enjoy,
Born to o'erturn, and breathing to destroy.
These injure not themselves, the reas'ning elf
Injures alike both others and himself.
Sour'd in his liveliest hours, infirm when strong,
Unsure at safest, and but short when long.*

*Hast thou with anxious care and strictest thought
Made that nice estimate of TIME you ought ?
TIME, like the precious di'mond, should be weigh'd ;
Caracts, not pounds, must in the scale be laid.
Know'st thou the value of a year, a day,
An hour, a moment, idly thrown away ?
Then had thy life been blessedly employ'd,
And all thy minutes sensibly enjoy'd !
What are they now, and whither are they flown ?
Th' immortal pain subsists, the mortal pleasure's gone !
Can'st thou recall them ?—Impotent and vain !
Or have they promis'd to return again ?*

Call

*Call [if thou can'st] the winged arrow back,
Which lately cut thro' air its viewless track;
Or bid the cataract ascend its source,
Which pour'd from Alpine heights its furious course;
Ah no — Time's vanish'd! and you only find
A cold, un-satisfying scent behind!*

*For to delays, economist of time,
Thrice-happy TITUS, virtuous in thy prime!
In whom the noon-day—or the setting sun
Ne'er saw a work of goodness left un-done:—
Old-age compounds, or [more provoking yet]
Sends a small gift, when Heav'n expects the debt:
.Bring not the leavings of thy faint desires
To HIM who gives the best, and best requires;
Man mocks his Maker, and derides his law:
SATAN has the full ears, and GOD the straw.*

*Behold the wretch, who long has health enjoy'd,
With gold un-sated and with pow'r un-cloy'd;*

SALMONEUS-

*SALMONEUS-like, to fancy'd greatness rais'd,
With slaves surrounded, and by flatterers prais'd :
See him against his nature vainly strive,
The busiest, pertest, proudest thing alive !
[As if beyond the patriarchal date
Exceptive mercy had prolong'd his fate.]
When lo, behind the variegated cloud,
Enwrapt in mists, and muffled in a shroud,
The dissolution of old-age comes on,
Gouts, palsies, asthmas, jaundice, and the stone :
An hungry, merciless, insatiate band,
Eager as CROATS for Death's last command !
Which still repeat their mercenary strain,
Lead us, to add the living to the slain.*

*Then mark the worldling, and explore him well :
His grief, his shame, and self-conviction tell ;
Weak were my joys, he cries, and short their stay :
Pride mark'd the race, and folly pick'd the way.*

Can

Can I revoke my mis-directed pow'r ?

Where's my lost hope, and where the vanish'd hour ?

Curst be that greatness which blind fortune lent ;

Curst be that wealth which sprung not from content !

Still, still my conscious memory prevails ;

And understanding paints where mem'ry fails !

Allow me next with confidence to say,

[As safely with the strictest truth I may ;]

Why dost thou, idiot, senselessly complain,

[Fond of more life, and covetous of pain,]

That I, a tyrant, seize thee by surprize ?——

Flames, as the spoke, shot flashing from her eyes:

Dotard ! I gave thee warning ev'ry hour ;

Announc'd my presence, and proclaim'd my pow'r.

One only bus'ness in the world was thine,

Born but to die ! T' exact the payment mine.

If, atheist-like, you blame the just decree,

Attack thy MAKER, but exculpate ME !

*Mortality's coeval with thy breath ;
Life is a chain of links which lead to death.
Sleep—wake—run—creep—alike to death you move ;
Death's in thy meat, thy wine, thy sleep, thy love.
Know'st thou not ME, my warnings, and alarms ?
Thou, who so oft hast slumber'd in my arms !
For ever seeing, can'st thou nought descry ?
Dead ev'ry night, and yet untaught to die ?
How dar'st thou give thy impious murmurs vent,
Thy self a breathing, speaking monument ?
No death is sudden to a wretch like thee,
The emblem of his own mortality !
Above, beneath, within thee, and without,
All things fore-show the stroke, and clear the doubt.
The very apoplex, thy swiftest foe,
Forewarns his coming ; and approaches slow ;
Sudden confusions interrupt thy brain ;
Swift thro' thy temples shoots the previous pain ;*

Suspicion follows, and mis-giving fear. —

Death always speaks, if man would strive to hear.

Acquit me then of fraudulent surprize :

Leave sophistry to wits ; be truly wise ;

*For, as the cedar falls, it ever lies * !*

Start not at what we call our latest breath ;

THE MORNING OF MAN'S REAL LIFE IS DEATH †.

So spake the POW'R, Who never felt controul.

Fear smote my heart, and conscience stung my soul ;

Remorse, vexation, shame, and anger strive. —

I wak'd : — and [to my joy] I wak'd alive.

Never was human transport more sincere ; —

And the best men may find instruction here :

* ECCLES. Ch. xi, v 3.

† ————— *Steriles transmissus amor ;*

Hæc ævi mibi prima dies : hæc limina vitæ.

STAT. Sylv. L. 4.

MORAL.

M O R A L:

*WHO puts off Death, to the last moments driv'n,
Is near the Grave, but very far from Heav'n*.*

He who repents, and gains the wish'd reprieve,

Was fit to die, and is more fit to live.

Chuse a good convoy in an hostile course;

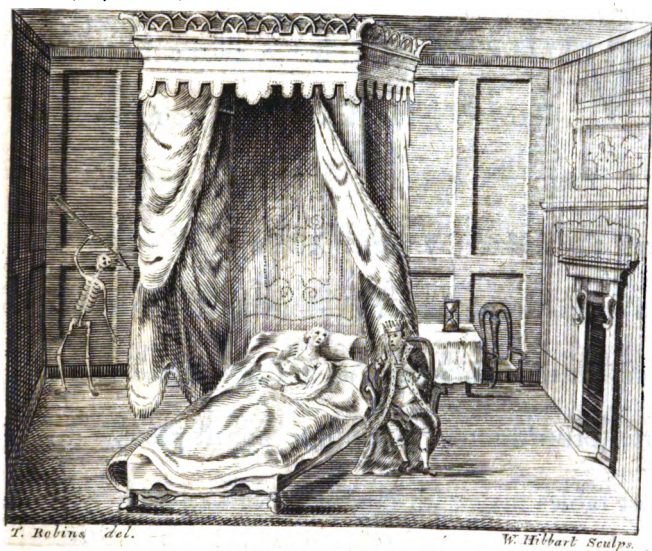
Right foresight never makes a danger worse.

* A saying of pious *Jeremy Taylor*.



Maccio inven. W. Bihart Sculps.

THE
C O U R T I E R
AND
P R I N C E :
A F A B L E .



T H E
COURTIER and PRINCE :
 A F A B L E.

Put not your trust in Princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

PSALM cxlvi, v. 3.

Now behold, thou trustest upon the staff of a bruised reed — on which if a man lean, it will go thro' his hand and pierce it : So is Pharaoh, King of Egypt, unto all that trust in him.

2 KINGS Ch. xviii, v. 21.

I 4

WITH

WITH diffidence, O Muse, awake the string ;
 PROBASTA*, Her self a *Muse*, commands to
 sing :

Diveſt thy ſelf of thy pretended bays,
 And crown'd with ſhort-liv'd flow'rs preſent thy lays :
 From female archives ſtol'n, a Tale diſcloſe,
 Verſe-tortur'd into rhymes from honeſt proſe.
 Short fables may with double grace be told ;
 So ſmalleſt glaſſes ſweeteſt eſſence hold.

ANTONIA ſomewhere† does a tale report,
 Of no ſmall uſe to *riſing* men at court :
 [Who ſeek promotion in the worldly road,
 And make their titles and their wealth their God ;]

* A Roman young Lady of quality and a Chriſtian convert. She afterwards married *Adelpbus*, who was a Proconſul in the reign of *Honorius* and *Theodoſius junior*. She compoſed an Hiſtory of the Old and New Teſtament in verſe. Her Epitaph on her huſband is much admired. Both pieces were printed at *Francfort* in 1541.

Her name at length was *Praba, Valeria, Falconia*.

† *Traité ſur la Piété ſolide. Épi. xx, par Madame Antoinette de Bourignon.*

ANTONIA !

ANTONIA ! who the HERMIT'S STORY fram'd* :

A tale to prose-men known †, by verse-men fam'd ‡.

A *Courtier*, of the lucky, thriving sort,

Rose like a meteor, and eclyps'd the court ;

By chance or cunning ev'ry storm out-braves :

Top-moſt he rode, midſt ſhoals of fools and knaves,

Triumphant, like an *eygre* §, o'er the waves :

Casually lucky, fortunately great,

Ten times his planet overcame his fate.

Riches flow'd in ; and accidents were kind ;

Health join'd her opium to delude the mind § ;

Whilst pride was gratify'd in ev'ry view,

And pow'r had ſcarce an object to purſue ;

* *Epît. de Bourignon. Partie Seconde Epît. xvii.*

† *Dr. Patrick's Parable of the Pilgrim.*

‡ *Parnelle's Hermit.*

§ The tenth wave, when rivers are ſwollen by floods, or agitated by ſtorms, is called in ſome parts of England an *eygre*.

See DRYDEN'S *Trenod. Auguſt.*

§ “ Prosperous health and uninterrupted eaſe are often the occaſion of ſome fatal miſfortune. Thus a long peace makes men unguarded, and ſometimes unmindful, in matters of war : It being obſerved, that the moſt ſignal overthrow is uſually given us, when an unexpected enemy ſurprizeth us in the deep ſleep of peace and ſecurity.”

St. GREGOR. the Great.

Cramm'd

Cramm'd to the throat with happiness and ease,
 Till nature's self could do no more to please. —
 Vain-glorious mortal, to profusion blest !
 And almost by prosperity distressed !
 Whilst poets, the worst pandars of the age,
 Hymn'd his *no-virtues* in each flatt'ring page :
 True *parasitic* plants *, which only grow
 Upon their patron-trees, like *miscelto* :
 So *pella-mountain* on the *flax* appears,
 And *thyme*, th' *epithimy* †, (her bastard) rears ;
 Just so th' *agáric* from the *larix* springs,
 And fav'rites fatten on perspiring kings. —

* *Parasitical* plants, according to the language of botanists, will not grow in the common matrix of the earth, but their seeds, being dispersed by winds, take root in the excrementitious parts of a decayed tree, or arise as an excrescence from the exsudations of some tree or plant. Thus the *dodder* (*cuscuta*) formerly called *pella-mountain*, grows usually on flax ; and therefore the Italian peasant calls it *podagra di linio*.

† The *Arabians* and *Italians* [imitating the Greek word *ἐπιθιμύς*] call this adscititious plant *estimo* and *epithimio* ; but very few of our English botanists make mention of it. As far as I have hitherto seen, only one of our herbalists has touched upon it, namely, *Peter Treveris*, who flourished about the reign of Henry VII. He calls it *epithimy*. For my own part, not caring to invent new words in poetry, I have thought proper to retain the word which he (*Treveris*) has used, as it is well-sounding, and not inelegant.

More

More might be said ; but *this* we leave untold,
That better things their proper place may hold.

Our *mirror* of good luck, whom CHANCE had claim'd
As her own offspring, was AMARIEL nam'd.
At his first horoscope the *goddess* smil'd,
And wrapp'd in her own mantle her own child;
Then, as a WIT upon th' occasion said,
[Not less a *Wit*, we hope, for being *dead*,]
“ Gave him her blessing, put him in a way,
“ Set up the farce, and laugh'd at her own play.”

FORTUNE, the *Mistress* of the young and bold,
Espous'd him early, but carefs'd him old ;
Duteous and faithful as an *Indian* wife,
She made appearance to be true for life :
And kept her love alive, and like to last,
Beyond the date *her* POMPEY was disgrac'd.
But nothing certain [as the *Wise man* * found]
Is to be deem'd on sublunary ground.

* SON OF SIRACH.]

Join'd

Join'd to good fortune, 'twas our Courtier's lot
 To serve a Prince who ne'er his friends forgot :
 Humain, discreet, compassionate, and brave ;
 Not milder when he lov'd, than when forgave.
 Gen'rous of promise, punctual in the deed ;
 Grac'd with more candour than most monarchs need.
A milkiness of blood his heart possess'd ;
 With grief he punish'd, and with transport blest'd *.

As noblest metals are most ductile found,
 Great souls with mild compassion most abound.
 The *golden dye* with soft complacence takes
 Each speaking lineament th' engraver makes,
 And wears a faithful image for mankind,
 True to the features, truer to the mind :
 Whilst stubborn *iron* [like a barren soil
 To lab'ring hinds] eludes the artist's toil ;

* " *Bountifulness is a most beautiful garden, and mercifulness endu-
 " reth for ever.*" ECCLES.

To

To ev'ry stroke ungrateful and unjust,
Corrodes itself, or hardens into rust.

GOOD-NATURE, in the *language* from *above* *,
Is universal charity and love :
Patient of wrongs, and enemy to strife ;
Basis of virtue, and the staff of life !
Whilst av'rice, private censure, public rage,
Are th' old man's hobby-horse, and crutch of age.
Party conducts us to the meanest ends ;
Party made HEROD and a PILATE friends †.

Scorn'd be the bard, and banish'd ev'n from schools,
Who first immortaliz'd *man-killing* fools ;
Blockheads in council, bloody in command :
Warriors — not of the head, but of the hand ;
True brethren of the *iron-pated* SUEDE ‡ :
They *fight* like AJAX, and like AJAX *read*.

* *Eudæia*. MATTH. Ch. ii, † 14.

† LUKE Ch. xxii, † 12.

‡ *Demir-bash*, or *iron-headed* : A name given by the *Turks* to Charles the XIIIth of Sweden.

Of all the *great* and *harmless* things below,

Only an ELEPHANT is *truly* so.

[Thus writes a WIT *, well-known a cent'ry past ;

Forgotten now ; yet still his fame shall last.]

Kings have their follies ; Statesmen have their arts ;

Wealth spoils the Great ; Beauty ensnares our hearts ;

And Wits are *doubly* dup'd by having parts.

SOME have ten times the parts they ought to use ;

“ A great Wit's *greatest* WORK is to REFUSE † !”

Never, O Bards, the *warning* voice despise ; —

To ADD is *dang'rous*, to RETRENCH is *wise*.

Poets, instead of *saying what they could*,

Must only say *the very thing they should*.

This mighty EYPHKA reserv'd for Few,

VIRGIL and BOILEAU, POPE and DRYDEN knew.

[Thus by the way.] Now, Muse, resume thy course ;

There is no wand'rer like the poet's horse :

* Dr. Donne's *Letters in Prose*, 12°, Lond. 1591.

† Sir John Birkenhead's *Epistle to Cartwright*, 1638.

Who quits the solid road, and well-beat lanes,
 [Sick of his track, and punish'd for his pains,]
 To mimic galloping on green-swarth plains. }
 So, in the daily work she labours at,
 The swallow toils, and rises with a *gnat*. —

It chanc'd, as thro' his groves our monarch stray'd,
 To enjoy the coolness of a summer-shade,
 Wrapt up in virtuous schemes of means and ends,
 To reconcile his foes, or bless his friends,
 He spy'd a figure, which by shape he knew,
 In a lone grotto half-conceal'd from view :
 Thither the prudent wand'rer had retir'd,
 As modesty and well-bred sense requir'd :
 Studious of manners, fearful to intrude
 On precious hours of royal solitude.

AMARIEL, cry'd the Prince, I know thee well,
 Invelop'd in the umbrage of a cell :

I like

I like thy modesty, with manners fraught ; —
 But, as my spirits ask a pause from thought,
 Walk with thy Master, and with him inhale
 The cooling freshness of the western gale.

AMARIEL, added He, and gently smil'd,
 This grove's my kingdom, and each tree my child :
 [Forgive the vanity, which thus compares
 My self to CYRUS, and his rural cares * ;]
 My ready pencil sketch'd the first design,
 These eyes adjusted ev'ry space and line ;
 These hands have fixt th' inoculated shoots,
 Train'd the loose branches, and reform'd the roots.
 Happy the monarch of the town and field,
 Where vice to laws, and weeds to culture yield !
 My *human* realms a ten-fold care demand ;
Reluctant is the *staple* † of the land :

* XENOPHONT. *Oeconomic.* C. iv, &c.

† The *staple* of the soil, in an husbandry-sense, is the upper earth, which lies within the reach of the plough and influence of the atmosphere.

Thus we call wool, with relation to England, a *staple* commodity.

Sour

Sour are the juices, churlish is the soil,
 Of rule impatient, and averse to toil. *
 In vain I cherish, and in vain replace;
 Th' ungrateful branch flies back, and wounds my face.
 Courtiers are like th' HYE'NA, never tame;
 No bounties fix them, and no arts reclaim:
 Frontless they *run the muck* * thro' thick and thin;
 Not poorer, if they lose; — and they *may win*.
 PATRIOTS OF THEIR OWN INT'REST, *right or wrong*:
 Foes to the *feeble*, flatt'ers to the *strong*,
 Stiff complaisance thro' their best homage spreads,
 So *turn-foles* † court the sun with 'wry-neck'd heads.
 True as a dial, when their patrons shine;
 But blank, if the said patrons pow'r resign.
 Like good Sir MARTIN ‡, when he lost his *man*,
 They grieve — and get *another* as they can.

* Dryden's *Hind and Panther*.

† The *Heliotrope*, or *Sun-flower*, called, by the *Italians*, *orologio dei cortegiani*.

‡ Sir *Martin Marr-all*, in a Comedy of Dryden's writing.

Yet, [tho' small *real* comfort is enjoy'd
 Where *man* the ruler is, and *men* employ'd,]
 Of all my friends and servants, you alone
 Have pleas'd me best, and most reliev'd the throne.
 Whatever then my bounty can provide ;
 Whatever by my friendship be supply'd ;
 As far as faith can bind, or speech can say,
 Ask, and I meet thy wishes half the way.

The servant bow'd, and gratitude express'd ;
 Such gratitude as dwells in courtier's breast :
 Pleas'd to the height of transport he retir'd ;
 His fears were calm'd, and his ambition fir'd.
 Unhappy man, in both his objects wrong ;
 The *WEAK* he trusted, and forgot the *STRONG* !

Six years were past, when lo, by slow degrees,
 A fever did his limbs and spirits seize :
 Advancing gently, no alarm *it* makes,
 [Like murd'ring *Indians* gliding thro' the brakes :]

But,

But, having mark'd her sure approaches well,
She storms, and nothing can her force repell.
 Instant, a liquid fire enflames the blood,
 Whilst spasms impede the self-refining flood :
Petechial spots th' approach of death proclaim,
 Redd'ning like comets with vindictive flame ;
 Whilst wand'ring talk, and mopings wild, presage
Moon-struck illusion, and conclude in *rage*.
 Inevitable death alarms the heart ;
 Nature stands by, and bids her aim the dart.

The Sick man, stupify'd with fear and woe,
 Had hardly words to speak, or tears to flow ;
 At length in broken sounds was heard to cry,
 Grant me to see my Master, e'er I die.
 The Master came. Ah, Prince, AMARIEL said,
 Now keep thy promise, and extend thy aid ;
 Unfurl my tangled thread of human breath,
 And call me back one year, before my death.

The Prince [for he was wise, and good withall,]
Stood like a statue mortiz'd to the wall :

At length, recov'ring from amazement, broke
An awful silence, and thus gravely spoke :

AMARIEL, sure thy pangs disturb thy brain :

The boon you ask is blasphemous and vain :

Am I a God, to alter death's decree ?

That's the prerogative of Heav'n, not me !

Then, cry'd AMARIEL, with an hasty tone,
Gain me a week, three days, or gain me one.

Impossible agen ! the Prince reply'd ;

Sure thy disease to madness is ally'd :

Ask me for riches — freely I resign

A third or half, and bid thee make them thine.

Whate'er the world can human greatness call,

Pow'r, rank, grants, titles, I'll bestow them all.

Then die in peace, or with contentment live,

Nor ask a gift no mortal pow'r can give.

With

With eyes that flash'd with eagerness and fire

The sick man then propos'd a new desire :

“ As death's dread tyranny has no controul,

“ Can you *ensure* the safety of my soul ?”

Anxious and doubtful for my future state,

I read the danger, but I read too late.

The Prince stood mute ; compassion and amaze

Tore his divided heart ten thousand ways :

And, having rightly weigh'd the sick man's pray'r,

Thus he reply'd in sorrow and despair :

“ *Salvation of the soul* by GRACE is giv'n ; —

“ *Unalienable* is the Grace of Heav'n.

“ I tremble at the rash request you make,

“ Which is not mine to grant, or your's to take.”

AMARIEL then, with disappointment spent,

Turn'd from his Prince in mournful discontent,

And, lifting up to Heav'n his hands and eyes,

Thus in a flood of tears obtests the skies :

- " Wretch that I am, unworthy of my breath ;
 " Deceiv'd when *living*, and deceiv'd in *death* !
 " Why did I waste my strength, my cares, my fame
 " To serve a master — master but in name ?
 " An ethpic idol, for delusion made ;
 " Eyes without sight, protection without aid ?
 " Unable to bestow the *good* we want,
 " And ready, *what avails us not*, to grant !
 " Deceitful, impotent, unuseful Pow'r ;
 " Which can give *di'monds*, but not give an *hour* !
 " At RIMMON's shrine no longer will I bow,
 " But thus to th' ALL-POW'RFULL King address my

" vow :

- " O THOU, *the only Great, and Good, and Wise*,
 " Ruler of earth, 'and monarch of the skies ;
 " Thou, whom th' INTENTS of virtuous actions please ;
 " Whose laws are freedom, and whose service ease * :

* *Idcirco servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus.* CICERO.

- “ *Whose mercy waits th’ offender to the grave,*
 “ *Willing to bear ; omnipotent to save !*
 “ *Who ne’er forgot one meritorious deed,*
 “ *Nor left a servant in the HOUR OF NEED.*
 “ *To mercy and to equity inclin’d ;*
 “ *Who mind’st the heart, and tenour of the mind ||.*
 “ *Forgive my ERROR, and my life restore ;*
 “ *THEE will I serve alone, and THEE adore !*
 “ *Farewell earth’s deities and idols all ;*
 “ *MOLOCH and MAMMON, CHIUN*, DAGON, BAAL :*
 “ *Whose CHEMARIMS† tread their fantastic rounds*
 “ *O’er AVEN’s‡ plains, and dance to Tyrian sounds.*
 “ *Hence, false ASTARTE §, who the world suborns ;*
 “ *Life’s lambent meteor glist’ring round her horns.*

|| Bishop Jer. Taylor.

* *Chiun*, probably from KYON : Qu. if not *Anubis*. See also AMOS Ch. v, § 26. 1 KINGS Ch. xi, § 32.

† For the *Chemarims* of *Baal* see HOSEA Ch. x, § 5, in Marg. 2 KINGS Ch. xxiii, § 5.

‡ *Aven*. HOSEA Ch. x, § 8. *Plains of Aven*. AMOS Ch. i, § 5.

§ Perhaps the same as *Astaroth*, or *Venus*; the Goddess of the *Siddonians*.

" Let THAMMUZ moan his self-inflicted pain,

" And SIDON's stream run purple to the main.

" No star of REMPAN * shall attract my sight,

" Shorn of its beams, and gleaming sickly light:

" Malignant orb! which tempts bewilder'd swains

" To gulphs, to quicksands, and waste trackless plains!

" By thee the false ACHITOPHEL was led;

" And HAMAN † dy'd aloft, and made a cloud his bed.

" From worldly hopes and false dependance freed,

" I'll seek no safety from a splinter'd reed;

" Which causes those to fall, who wish to stand;

" Or, if it aids the steps, gangrenes the band ‡.

" How vain is all the chymic wealth of pow'r;

" Sought-for an age, and squander'd in an hour!

" Full late we learn, in sickness, pains, and woe,

" What in high health 'twas possible to know.

* ACTS Ch. viii, † 43.

† ESTHER Ch. vii, † 9.

‡ ISAIAH, Ch. xxxvi, † 6.

- “ Two ages may have two ELISHAS seen ;
 “ Groups of GEHAZIS * choke the space between :
 ‡ “ Who live unthinking, and obdurate die,
 “ Nor heed their own or children’s leprosy †.
 “ Sin-born and blind ! Who change, protest, and swear,
 “ With the same ease they draw the vital air.
 “ Proud of the wit, and heedless of the sin,
 “ They strip, and sell the christian to the skin ‡.
 “ Charms irresistible the dupes behold
 “ In vineyards, farms, and all-compelling gold.
 “ Others [still weaker] set their truth to sale
 “ For a mere sound, and cut off Heav’n’s entail :
 “ Whilst He, who never fails his imps, supplies
 “ Prompt treachoury, and fresh-created lies. —
 “ Time-servers are at ev’ry man’s command
 “ For loaves and fish on DALMANUTHA’s strand ¶.”

* 2 KINGS Ch. v, † 20.

† Ibid. † ult.

‡ “ They pull off the robe with the garment.” MIC. Ch. ii, † 8.

¶ MARK Ch. viii, † 10.

“ He

He spoke: And, with a flood of tears oppress'd,
Gave anguish vent, and felt a moment's rest.

Heav'n with compassion heard the sick man grieve;
And HEZEKIAH gain'd the wish'd reprieve*.
Once more his blood with equal pulses flow'd,
And health's contentment on his visage glow'd.
Places and honours he with joy resign'd;
[*Peace-off'rings* to procure a *tranquil* mind †!]
Gave all his riches to the sick and poor,
And made one *Patriarch*-farm his only store.
To groves and brooks our new ELIJAH ran,
Far from the monster world, and traytor man.
Thus he surviv'd the tempest of the day,
And ev'ning-sunshine shot a glorious ray.
Diseases, sickness, disappointments, sorrow,
All lend us comfort, whilst they seem to borrow.

* 2 KINGS Ch. xx.

† *Tranquil* mind. *Shakspeare*.

Here

Here I might paint *him* in a life retir'd,
 Ennobled by the virtues he acquir'd;
 But the true transports of the *Wise* and *Good*
 Are best by implication understood;
 Except the Muse with DRYDEN's strength could
 soar: —

Me, humble prudence whispers * to give o'er.

A safe retreat ; plann'd and perform'd with care ;
 Stands for a vict'ry in poetic war.

So when the warbling lark has mounted high

With up-right flight, and gain'd upon the sky,

Grown giddy, she contracts her flick'ring wings :

Thrills her descending course in spiral rings,

Less'ning her voice ; *but to the ground she sings :*

Resolving, on a more auspicious day,

Higher to mount, and chaunt a better lay †.

* *Me, mea Calliope, cura leviores vagantem,
 Jam revocat, parvoque jubet decurrere gyro.*

COLUMELL. de Hortis, L. 10.

† ——— *nostra fatiscit,
 Laxaturq; chelys : vires infligat, alitq;
 Tempestiva quies ; major post otia virtus.*

Sylv. L. 4.

How

How Few can *fill* their readers minds engage? —

One POPE is the slow child-birth of one age.

Others write verses, but they write unblest;

Some few good lines stand *sponsors* for the rest:

They miss wit's depth, and on the surface skim;

[He who seeks pearls, must dive, as well as swim.]

Bad bards, worse critics! — Thus we multiply

Poems and rules, but write no poetry.

Ev'n POPE, like CHARLEMAGNE, with all his fire

Made PALADINS — but not an host entire*.

Far as *its* pow'rs could go, *thy* genius went;

• GOOD SENSE still kept *thee* in thy own extent†.

* An answer made by *Boccacé*, when it was objected to him, that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest.

† Amongst Mr. *Pope's* great intellectual abilities, *good sense* was his most distinguishing character: For he knew precisely, and as it were by a sort of intuition, what he had power to do, and what he could not do.

He often used to say, that for ten years together he firmly resisted the importunity of friends and flatterers, when they solicited him to undertake a *Translation of Virgil* after *Dryden*. Nor did he ever mistake the extent of his talents, but in the following trivial instance; and that was, when he writ his *Ode to Music* on St. *Cecilia's* day, induced perhaps by a secret ambition of rivalling the *Inimitable Dryden*. In which case, if he hath not exceeded the original, [for there is always *some* advantage in writing *first*] he hath at least surpassed [and perhaps ever will surpass] those that come after him, and attempt to make the same experiment.

Rare

Rare wisdom ! both t' *enjoy* and *know* thy store ; —

Most *wits*, like *misers*, always covet more.

Leave me, lov'd Bard, instructor of my youth,

Leave me the sounds of verse, and voice of truth ;

So when ELIAS dropp'd his mantle, ran

ELISHA, and a prophet's life began *.

Add, that the Muses, nurs'd in various climes,

Yield diff'rent produce, and at diff'rent times.

ITALIAN plants, in nature's *hot-bed* plac'd,

Bear fruits in spring, and riot into waste.

FRENCH flow'rs less early, [and yet early,] blow :

Their *pertness* is a *green-house* from the snow :

Cold NORTHERN wits demand a longer date ;

Our genius, like our climate, ripens late.

The *fancy's solstice* is at *forty o'er*,

The *tropic of our judgment* sees *three-score*.

Thus summer *codlings* yield a poignant draught,

Which frisks the palate, but ne'er warms the thought :

Rough *cackagées*, [four months behind them cast,]

Take all bad weathers, and thro' autumn last :

Mellow'd from wild austerity, at length

They taste like nectar, and adopt its strength.



W. Hollar delin.

W. B. Marshall sculp.

THE

THE
ENCHANTED REGION:
OR,
MISTAKEN PLEASURES.

22
The first of these is the
fact that the

second is the
fact that the



Ventini delin. Venet.

W. Hibbard Sculp.

T H E
ENCHANTED REGION:
 O R,
MISTAKEN PLEASURES.

The mistress of witchcrafts.

NAHUM Ch. iii, v. 4.

Draw near hither, ye sons of the Sorcerers.

ISAIAH Ch. lvii, v. 3.

According to their pasture, so were they filled;
 they were filled, and their heart was exalted;
 Therefore have they forgotten ME.

HOSEA Ch. xiii, v. 6.

L I. EMPTY,

I.

EMPTY, illusory Life,
 Pregnant with fraud, in mischiefs rife * ;
 Form'd t' ensnare us, and deceive us :
 NAHUM's Enchantress ! which beguiles
 With all her harlotry of wiles ! ——
 First SHE loves, and then SHE leaves us !

II.

Erring happiness beguiles
 The wretch that strays o'er CIRCE's isles ;
 All things smile, and all annoy him ;
 The rose has thorns, the doves can bite ;

* " Art thou arrived to maturity of life ? Look back and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the senseless dissipation of thy infancy ! —— Look forward and thou shalt behold the insincerity of the world and cares of life, the diseases of thy body and the troubles of thy mind." ANON. VET.

" In this world death is every-where, grief every-where, and desolation every-where. The world flieeth us, and yet we follow it : It falleth, and we adhere to it, fall with it, and attempt to enjoy it falling." ST. GREGOR. HOM.

Riot is a fatigue till night,
Sleep an opium to destroy him.

III.

Louring in the groves of death
Eugh-trees breathe funereal breath,
Brambles and thorns perplex the shade :
Asphaltic waters creep and rest ;
Birds, in gaudy plumage drest,
Scream un-meaning thro' the glade *.

IV.

Earth *fallacious* *berbage* † yields,
And deep in grafs its influence shields ;
Acrid juices, scent annoying ;——
Corrófive *crow-feet* choak the plains,
And *hemlock* strip'd with lurid stains,
And luscious *mandrakes*, life-destroying.

* It is remarked, that birds adorned with rich plumage, as peacocks, parrots, &c. have, generally speaking, unmusical voices.

† ————— *fallax herba veneni.*

VIRG.

V.

Gaudy *bella-donna* * blowing,
 Or with glossy berries glowing,
 Lures th' *Un-wise* to tempt their doom :
Love's apple † marks the fruit of death ;
 Sick *ben-bane* murders with her breath,
Aleæ ‡ with an harlot's bloom.

VI.

One PLANT ¶ alone is wrapt in shade ;
 Few eyes its privacy invade ;
 Plant of joy, of life, and health !
 More than the fabled LOTOS fam'd,
 Which [tasted once] mankind reclaim'd
 From parents, country, pow'r, and wealth §.

* The *bella-donna* lily, or deadly nightshade. [*Atropa Linnei.*]

† *Anomum Plinii.*

‡ *Aleæ* ; Herb Christopher.

¶ The PASSION-FLOWER.

§ See Homer's *Odyssey* L. IX, v. 94, &c.

VII. On

VII.

On yonder *Alp* I see it rise,
 Aspiring to congenial skies,
 But cover'd half with ivy-walls ; —
 There, where EUSEBIO * rais'd a shrine,
 Snatch'd from the gulph by Pow'r Divine,
 Where REIGA's tumbling torrent falls †.

* The Baron *De Bottoni*.

† This alludes to a well-known fact in the dutchy of *Carniola*, where the present Ode was written.

About the year 1675, a nobleman was riding at night upon a road which goes near the edge of the precipice here mentioned. Mistaking his way (and that for a few steps only) his horse stopped short, and refused to go on ; upon which the rider, who in all probability was heated with liquor, (otherwise he ought to have known the precipice better, it being not far from his own castle) lost both his temper and prudence, and spurred the horse with great anger ; upon which the poor beast took a desperate leap, intending, as was imagined, to have reached another angle of the precipice on the same side which the road lay. The horse fell directly into the torrent, two or three hundred feet beneath, and was hurried away with such rapidity that the body was never found. The nobleman was discovered next day in an opening of the rock, about half-way down, where a few bushes grew ; and, as the saddle was found not far from him, it was supposed that the horse, by the violence of the effort he made, burst the saddle-girths. The rider lived many years after this wonderful escape, and, out of gratitude to God, erected a beautiful chapple on the edge of the precipice, dedicated (if I mistake not) to *St. Anthony of Padua*.

I made a drawing of the chapple, precipice, torrent, and nobleman's castle ; of which a copy was taken afterwards by the celebrated draftsman *Visentini*, at *Venice*, in 1750 : It makes the *vignette*, or ornamental copper-plate prefixed to this Poem.

VIII.

Compar'd with *thee*, how dimly shows

Poor ANACREON's life-less rose ?

What is HOMER's *plant* * to thee ? —

In vain the MANTUAN poet try'd

To paint AMELLUS' *flarry* † pride,

Emblem of wit's futility !

IX.

Men saw, alas, and knew not thee,

Mythic evangelic tree !

Thou hadst no charms for paynim-eyes ;

Till, guided by the lamp of Heav'n,

To chaste URANIA pow'r was giv'n

To see, t'admire, and moralize,

X.

All-beauteous FLOW'ER, whose centre glows

With studs of gold ; thence streaming flows

* *Moly*. *Homer's Odyssey* L. XI, † 305.

† *After Atticus*, or [purple Italian] *Starwort*.

Georg. IV, † 271.

Ray-like

Ray-like effulgence. Next is seen
 A rich expanse of varying hue,
 Enfring'd with an empurpled-blue,
 And streak'd with young POMONA's green *.

XI.

High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,
 [Emblem mysterious to behold,]
 A radiant cross its form expands ; ———
 Its opening arms appear t' embrace
 The whole collective human race,
 Refuge of all men in all lands !

XII.

Grant me, kind Heav'n, in prosp'rous hour
 To pluck this consecrated flow'r,
 And wear it thankful on my breast ;
 Then shall my steps securely stray,

* Alluding to that particular species of green called by the French *pomme-verte*, or *apple-green*.

No pleasures shall pervert my way *,

No joys seduce, no cares molest.

XIII.

Like TOBIT [when the hand, approv'd

By Heav'n, th' obstructing films remov'd.†]

I now see objects as I ought :

Ambition's ‡ hideous ; pleasure vain ;

Av'rice † is but a blockhead's gain,

Possessing all, bestowing nought.

XIV. *Passions*

* “ My heart is a vain and wandering heart, whenever it is led by its own determinations. It is busy to no purpose, and occupied to no end, whenever it is not guided by divine influence : It seeketh rest and findeth none : It agreeth not with itself : It alters resolutions, changeth judgement, frames new thoughts, and suppresses old ones ; pulls down every thing, and re-buildeth nothing ; in short, it never continueth in the same state.” St. BERNARD. *Meditat.*

“ See'st thou the luminary of the greater world in the highest pitch of meridian glory ; where it continueth not, but descends in the same proportion as it ascended ? Look next and consider if the light of this lower world is more permanent ? CONTINUANCE is the child of ETERNITY, and not of TIME.” Ex. VET. ASCET.

† TOBIT Ch. iii, y 17.

‡ ‡ “ All vices wax old by age : Covetousness (and Ambition) alone grow young.” Ex. VET. ASCET.

“ Why

XIV.

Passions and frauds surround us all,
Their empire is reciprocal :
Shun their blandishments and wiles ;
Riches but serve to steel the heart ;
Want has its means and its art ;
Health betrays, and strength beguiles.

XV.

In highest stations *snare* misguide ;
Midst solitude they nurture pride,
Breeding vanity in knowledge ;
A poison in delicious mear,
Midst wines a fraud, midst mirth a cheat,
In courts, in cabinet, and college.

*" Why are earth and ashes proud ? There is not a more wicked thing
" than a covetous man : for such an one setteth his own soul to sale,
" because, while he liveth, he casteth away his bowels ;" i. e. is a
stranger to compassion.*

ECCLUS, Ch. x, v 9.

XVI. The

XVI.

The toils are fixt, the sportsmen keen :
 Abroad unsafe, betray'd within,
 Whither, O *Mortal* ! art thou flying ?
 Thy *resolutions* oft are snares,
 Thy *doubts, petitions, gifts, and pray'rs* ; —
 Alas, there may be *snares* in *dying* !

XVII.

Deceiving none, by none ensnar'd,
 O PARACLETE *, be thou my guard,
 Patron of ev'ry just endeavour !
 The *Cross* of CHRIST is man's reward † :

* ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΣ : The COMFORTER ; The HOLY SPIRIT.
 JOHN Ch. xiv, † 16—26.

Dryden first introduced the word *Paraclete* into the English language, in his translation of the *Hymn Veni Creator Spiritus* : As also in his *Britannia Rediviva* :

“ *Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend ;*
 “ *The PARACLETE in fiery pomp descend.*
 “ *But, when his wond'rous octave roll'd again*” —

† ROM. Ch. viii, † 39.

Na

No heights obstruct, no depths retard ;

Christian joys are joys for ever !

FLOS
PASSIONIS



W. Hibbert ad vivum del et Sculp.

EULOGIUS;

E U L O G I U S :
O R,
The CHARITABLE MASON.
An HISTORICAL FABLE:

Taken from the *Greek* of PAULUS SYLLOGUS, Lib. III.

————— NOS, vilis turba, caducis
Deservire bonis, *semperq*; OPTARE parati,
Spargimur in casus. STAT. *Sylva*, L. II.

*God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.*
DRYD. *Palam. & Arc.*



EULOGIUS:

OR,

The CHARITABLE MASON.

**Give me neither poverty nor riches ; feed me
with food convenient for me : Lest I be full
and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord ?
Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name
of my God in vain. AGUR's Prayer.**

PROV. Ch. xxx, v. 8, 9.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

PERMIT me, STANHOPE *, as I form'd
thy youth . .

To classic taste and philosophic truth,
Once more, thy kind attention to engage,
And, *dying*, leave thee comfort for old-age ;
This Hist'ry may eternal truths suggest : ———
I've seen thee *learned*, and would leave thee *blest* !
One grain of piety avails us more
Than PRUSSIA's laurels, or POTOSI's store.

How blindly to our misery we run ;
Dup'd by false hopes, and by our pray'rs undone !
We want, we wish ; we change, we change agen ;
Yet know not *how* to ask, nor *what*, nor *when*.

* PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq; late Member of Parliament for *St. German's* in *Cornwall*, and at present Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of *Dresden* and the Circle of *Lower Saxony*, &c.

Just

Just so, mis-led by liquor, drunkards stray,
 They know they *have* a road, but *miss* their way;
 Th' existence of their *home* admits no doubt;
 Th' uncertainty — is *where* to find it out*.

ZIMRI ask'd wealth, and wealth o'erturn'd his
 parts. —

Parents for children pray, *which* break their hearts,
 Contractors, *agio*-men, for villas sigh;
 To-day they purchase, and to-morrow die.
 Six cubic feet of earth are all their lot†;
 Mourn'd with hypocrisy, with ease forgot.
 Their *Christian*-heirs the pagan-rites employ,
 And give the fun'ral ILICET with joy.

* Væ tempori illi quando non DEUM cognovimus†
 AUGUST. Soliloq. C. 31.

† “ Hic tibi mortis erunt metæ : Domus alta sub Ida,
 “ Lyrnessi domus alta ; — Solo Laurente sepulcrum.
 VIRG. *Æneid.* XII.

“ A small space of ground after death contains both rich and poor
 “ Nature produceth us all alike, and makes no distinction at death. Open
 “ the grave, view the dead bodies; move the ashes, you will find no
 “ difference between the patrician and the peasant, except thus far;
 “ that by the magnificence of the tomb of the former you may perceive
 “ he had much more to resign and lose than the latter.” St. AMBROSE.

M

LELIO

LELIS † would be th' *Angelic* * of a *School*;
Kneels down a wit, and rises up a fool.

Weak hands affect to hold the Statesman's scale;

As well the shrimp might emulate a whale. —

Clamb'ring, with stars averse, to Fortune's height

Ambitious OMRI rose, and dropp'd down-right —

His paunch too heavy, and his head too light.

Like fall'n SALMONEUS, he perceiv'd, at length,

The mean hypocrisy of boasted strength:

To deal like DENNIS his vain thunder round,

And imitate inimitable sound. —

Both ways deceitful is the WINE of POW'R,

When *new*, 'tis *beady*; and, when *old*, 'tis *sow'r*.

IANTHE' pray'd for beauty; luckless maid! —

An idiot-mind th' angelic form *betray'd*.

Nature profusely deck'd the out-side pile,

But starv'd the poor inhabitant the while.

† Late Lord B***.

* *Doctor Angelicus*.

D'AVENANT implor'd the *Muses* for a tongue :
 The *Muses* lent him *theirs*. He sweetly sung ;
 And—[but for MILTON*] had *more sweetly*† swung. }
 Learn hence, he cry'd, “ *my merry brethren all* ‡,”
 TYBURN's agaric stanches wit, and gall.

Others mount PEGASUS, but lose their seat :
 And break their necks, before they end the heat.
 LIBANIUS try'd the streams of eloquence,
 But plummet-deep he sunk, un-buoy'd with sense,
 SONCINAS † ask'd the “ *knack of plotting treason*
 “ *Against the crown and dignity of REASON §.*”
 By his own art th' *artificer* was try'd,
 And lawyers beat him on the *quibbling* side.

* *Milton* interceded, and saved *D'avenant*, when he was a state-prisoner at *Corne's* castle in the *Isle of Wight*, anno 1650; *D'avenant*, in return, preserved *Milton* at the Restoration.

† Alluding to a passage in *Dryden* : “ A man may be capable, as *Jack Ketch's* wife said of his servant, of a *plain piece of work*, *bare hanging* ; but, to make a malefactor DIE SWEETLY, was only belonging to her husband.” DEDICATION to *Juvenal*.

‡ From an *Old Poem*.

† A Spanish *Casulist*.

§ *Logic* : So defined by our venerable Poet *Francis Quarles*, 1638.

Now hasten, Poet, to begin thy song :

“ *A tale,*” says PRIOR, “ *ne’er should be too long.*”

Ill-judging is the bard, who slacks his pace
 And seeks for flow’rs, when he should run the race ;
 Or, wand’ring to enchanted castles, sleeps
 On beds of down ; or CUPID’s vigils keeps ;
 Whilst the main action is by pleasures crost,
 And the first purport of th’ adventure lost.
 Great Wits may scorn the dry poetic law ;
 Nor from the critic, but from nature, draw :
 Each seeming trip, and each digressive start,
 Displays their ease the more, and deep-plann’d art :
 (All study’d blandishments t’ allure the heart.)
 Like SANTUEIL’s* stream, gliding thro’ flow’ry plains,
 Th’ effects are seen : The source unknown remains.

* Alluding to his famous inscription :

Quæ dat aquas saxo latet hospita Nympha sub imo ;

Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latere velis. SANTOL. *Poem.*

IN

IN ancient times, scarce talk'd of, and less known,
When pious JUSTIN * fill'd the Eastern throne,
In a small *dorp* ‖ till then for nothing fam'd,
And by the neighb'ring swains THEBAIS nam'd,
EULOGIUS liv'd : an humble mason he ;
In nothing rich, but virtuous poverty.
From noise and riot he devoutly kept,
Sigh'd with the sick, and with the mourner wept ;
Half his earn'd pittance to poor neighbours went :
They had his *alms*, and he had his *content*,
Still from his *little* he could *something* spare
To feed the hungry, and to cloathe the bare.
He gave, whilst aught he had, and knew no bounds ;
The poor man's *drackma* stood for rich men's *pounds*.
He learnt with patience, and with meekness taught ;
His life was but the comment of his thought.

* About the year DCCXVI.

‖ *Dorp*, a village, or more properly an hamlet. DRYDEN,
It is a German word, and adopted by our best writers in the
beginning and middle of the last century.

Hence, ye vain-glorious SHAFTESBURY, allow

That men had more religion *then* than *now*.

Whether they nearer liv'd to the blest times

When man's REDEEMER bled for human crimes ;

Whether the HERMITS OF THE DESART fraught

With living practice, by example taught ;

Or whether, with transmissive virtues fir'd,

[Which CHRYSOSTOMS all-eloquent inspir'd,]

They caught the sacred flame — I spare to say.

Religion's Sun still shot an ev'ning-ray:

On the south aspect of a sloping hill,

Whose skirts *meand'ring* PENEUS washes still,

Our pious lab'rer pass'd his youthful days

In peace and charity, in pray'r and praise.

No theatres of oaks around him rise,

Whose roots earth's centre touch, whose heads the skies :

No stately larch-tree there expands a shade

O'er half a rood * of *Lariffian* glade :

* See the note to Page 173.

No lofty poplars catch the murm'ring breeze,
Which loit'ring whispers on the *cloud-capp'd* trees ;
Such imag'ry of greatness ill became
A nameless dwelling, and an unknown name !
Instead of forest-monarchs, and their train,
The un-ambitious *rose* bedeck'd the plain :
Trifoliate cythar restrain'd its boughs
For humble sheep to crop, and goats to browse.
On skirting heights thick stood the clust'ring *vine*,
And here and there the sweet-leav'd *eglantine* ;
One *lilac* only, with a statelier grace,
Presum'd to claim the *eak's* and *cedar's* place,
And, looking round him with a monarch's care,
Spread his exalted boughs to wave in air.

This spot, for dwelling fit, *Eulogrus* chose,
And in a month a decent home-stall rose,
Something, between a cottage and a cell. —
Yet virtue here could sleep, and peace could dwell.

From living stone, [but not of *Parian* rocks]
He chipp'd his pavement, and he squar'd his blocks :
And then, without the aid of neighbours' art,
Perform'd the carpenter's and glazier's part.
The *site* was neither granted him, nor giv'n ;
'Twas nature's ; and the ground-rent due to Heav'n,
Wife he had none : Nor had he love to spare ;
An aged mother wanted all his care,
They thank'd their Maker for a pittance sent,
Supp'd on a turnip, slept upon content.

Four rooms, above, below, this mansion grac'd,
With white-wash deckt, and river-sand o'er-cast ;
The *first*, [forgive my verse if too diffuse,]
Perform'd the kitchen's and the parlour's use :
The *second*, better bolted and immur'd,
From wolves his out-door family secur'd :
[For he had twice three kids, besides their dams ;
A cow, a spaniel, and two fav'rite lambs :]

A *third*,

A *bird*, with herbs perfum'd, and ruſhes ſpread,
 Held, for his mother's uſe, a feather'd bed :
 Two moſs-mattraſſes in the *fourth* were ſhown ;
 One for himſelf, for friends and pilgrims one.

A ground-plot ſquare five hives of bees contains ;
 Emblems of induſtry and virtuous gains * !
Pilaſter'd jaſ'mines 'twixt the windows grew,
 With *lavendar* beneath, and *sage* and *rue*.
Puſe of all kinds diffus'd their od'rous pow'rs,
 Where nature pencils butterflies † on flow'rs :
 Nor were the *cole-worts* wanting, nor the rooſ
 Which after-ages call *Hybernian* fruit,
 There, at a wiſh, much *chamomile* was had ;
 [The conſcience of man's ſtomach good or bad ;]
Spoon-wort ‡ was there, ſcorbutics to ſupply ;
 And *centaury* to clear the jaundic'd eye ;

* “ *Nullus, cum per caelum licuit, otio perit dies.*”

PLIN. *Hiſt. Natural.* L. I.

† All leguminous plants are, as the Learned ſay, *papilionaceous*,
 or bear butterflied flowers.

‡ *Cochlearia*. *Spoon-wort* is the old Engliſh word for *ſcurvy-graſs*.

And

And *Tbat* *, which on the BAPTIST's vigil sends
 To nymphs and swains the vision of their friends,
 Else physical and kitchen-plants alone
 His skill acknowledge, and his culture own.
 Each herb he knew, that works or good or ill,
 More learn'd than MESVA †, half as learn'd as HILL;
 For great the man, and useful, without doubt,
 Who seasons *pottage* — or expells the *gout*;
 Whose science keeps life *in*, and keeps death *out* !

No flesh from market-towns our peasant sought;
 He rear'd his frugal meat, but never bought:
 A kid sometimes for festivals he slew:
 The choicer part was his sick neighbour's due:
 Two bacon-fitches made his Sunday's cheer;
 Some the Poor had, and some out-liv'd the year;

* In imitation of *Virgil* :

“ ————— *Cenon, Et quis fuit alter*

“ *Descripsit radio ? &c.* ”

† An Arabian Physician, well skilled in botany.

For

For roots and herbage, [rais'd at hours to spare]

With humble milk, compos'd his usual fare.

[The poor man then was rich, and liv'd with glee;

Each barley-head un-taxt, and day-light free:]

All had a part in *all* the rest could spare,

The common water *, and the common air †.

Mean-while God's blessings made EUPHORIUS thrive.

The happiest, most contented man alive.

His conscience cheer'd him with a life well-spent,

His prudence a superfluous *something* lent,

Which made the *poor* who took, and *POOR* who gave,

content.

Alternate were his labours and his rest,

For ever blessing, and for ever blest,

* "*Quid prohibetis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est.*"
OVID. *Met.*

† "*Et cunctis undamque auramque patentem.*"
VIRG. *Æn.* vii.

But *Ovid* is still more explicite, *Met.* I.

"*_____ Campum*
Communemq; prius, ceu lumina solis, & auræ."

Such

Such kindness left men nothing to require,

Prevented wishing, and out-ran desire.

He sought, not to *prolong poor* lives, but *save* :

And **THAT** which others *lend*, he always *gave*.

Us'ry, a canker in fair *Virtue's* rose,

Corrodes, and blasts the blossom e'er it blows :

So fierce, O *Lucre*, and so keen thy edge : —

Thou *tak'st the poor man's mill-stones for a pledge* * !

EUSEBIUS, hermit of a neighb'ring cell,

His brother-christian mark'd, and knew him well ;

With zeal un-envying, and with transport fir'd,

Beheld him, prais'd him, lov'd him, and admir'd,

Convinc'd, that noiseless piety might dwell

In secular retreats, and flourish well ;

And that Heav'n's King [so great a Master He]

Had servants ev'ry-where, of each degree.

* “ *No man shall take the nether or upper mill-stone to pledge ;
for he taketh a man's life to pledge.*” DEUT. Ch. xxiv, v 6.

“ All-gracious

“ All-gracious Pow’r,” he cries, “ for forty years

“ I’ve liv’d an anchorete in pray’rs and tears :

“ Yon’ spring, which bubbles from the mountain’s

“ side,

“ Has all the luxury of thirst supply’d :

“ The roots of thistles have my hunger fed,

“ Two roods * of cultur’d barley give me bread,

“ A rock my pillow, and green moss my bed.

“ The *mid-night-clock* attests my *fervent pray’rs*,

“ The *rising Sun* my *orisons* declares,

“ The *live-long day* my *aspirations* knows,

“ And with the *setting sun* my *vespers* close !

“ Thy *truth*, my *hope* : Thy *Providence*, my *guard* :

“ Thy *Grace*, my *strength* : Thy *Heav’n*, my *last*

“ *reward* !”

“ But, self-devoted from the prime of youth

“ To life sequester’d, and ascetic truth,

* *Two roods*, i. e. half an acre.

“ With

- " With fasting mortify'd, worn out with tears,
 " And bent beneath the load of sev'nty years,
 " I nothing from my industry can gain
 " To ease the poor man's wants, or sick man's pain ;
 " My garden takes up half my daily care,
 " And my field asks the minutes I can spare ;
 " While blest EULOGIUS from his pittance gives
 " The better half, and in true practice lives.
 " Heav'n is but cheaply serv'd with words and show,
 " I want *that* glorious virtue — To BESTOW !
 " True Christianity depends on fact :
 " Religion is not theory, but act.
 " Men, Seraphs, all, EULOGIUS' praise proclaim,
 " Who lends both sight and feet to blind and lame ;
 " Who soothes th' asperity of hunger's sighs,
 " And dissipates the tear from mournful eyes ;
 " Pilgrims or wand'ring angels entertains ;
 " Like pious ABRAHAM on MAMRE's plains.
 " Ev'n

- “ Ev’n to brute beasts his *righteous* care extends *,
- “ He feels their suff’rings, and their wants befriends ;
- “ From one small source so many bounties spring,
- “ We lose the peasant, and suppose a *king* ;
- “ A king of Heav’n’s own stamp, not vulgar make ;
- “ Blessed in giving, and averse to take !
- “ Not such my pow’r ! Half-useless doom’d to live,
- “ Pray’rs and advice are all I have to give :
- “ But all, whate’er my means or strength deny,
- “ The virtues of EULOGIUS can supply.
- “ Each, in the compass of his pow’r, he serves ;
- “ Nor ever from his gen’rous purpose swerves :
- “ Ev’n *enemies* to his protection run,
- “ Sure of his light, as of the rising sun.
- “ What pity is it that so great a soul,
- “ An heart so bountiful, should feel controul ?

* “ *The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.*”

PROV. CH. xii, v 10.

“ Warm

- " Warm in it self, by icy fortune damp't,
 " And in the effort of exertion cramp't ;
 " Beneficent to all men, just, and true :
 " As nature *bounteous*, and *impartial* too,
 " Thus sometimes have I seen an angel's mind
 " In a weak body wretchedly confin'd ;
 " A mind, O CONSTANTINE, which from thy throne
 " Can take no honours, and yet add her own !
 " Then hear me, gracious Heav'n, and grant my
 " pray'r ;
 " Make yonder man the fav'rite of thy care ;
 " Nourish the plant with thy celestial dew,
 " Like *manna* let it fall, and still be *new* :
 " Expand the blossoms of his gen'rous mind,
 " Till the rich odour reaches half mankind,
 " Give him BIZANTIUM'S wealth, which uselefs shines,
 " *Sicilian* plenty, and the *Indian* mines ;
 " Instead

" Instead of PENEUS, let PACTOLUS lave
 " His garden's precincts with a golden wave;
 " Then may his soul its free-born range enjoy,
 " Give *deed* to *will*, and ev'ry pow'r employ:
 " In him the *Sick* a second LUKE shall find;
 " Orphans and widows, to his care consign'd,
 " Shall bless the father, and the husband kind:
 " Just steward of the bounty he receiv'd,
 " And dying *poorer* than the *poor* reliev'd!"

So pray'd he, whilst an angel's voice from high
 Bade him surcease to importune the sky:-
 Fate stopp'd his ears in an ill-omen'd day,
 And the winds bore the warning sounds away;
 Wild indistinction did their place supply;
 Half-heard, half-lost, th' imperfect accents die;
 Little fore-saw he that th' Almighty Pow'r,
 Who feeds the *Faithful* at his chosen hour,

N

Consults

Consults not taste, but wholesomeness of food,
 Nor means to please their sense, but do them good.
Great was the miracle, and *fitter* too,
 When draughts from CHERITH's brook ELIJAH
 drew * :

And wing'd purveyors his sharp hunger fed
 With frugal scraps of flesh, and *massin*-bread †.
 On quails the humble prophet's pride might swell,
 And high-fed lux'ry prompt him to rebel.

Nor dreamt our anchorite, that, if his friend
 Should reach, O virtuous Poverty ! thy end,

* 1 KINGS Ch. xvii, v 4, &c.

† *Massin*-bread, i. e. *miscellane*, or miscellaneous bread, an ancient English word, given to a plain sort of household bread. When people in a middling station used it, they generally mixed two gallons of *oats* and *rye* with six gallons of *wheat*. The poorer people mixed in *equal quantities wheat, barley, oats, rye, buck-wheat, pulse,* &c. But such is the luxury of the present age (even amongst the Poor) that not only the *thing* but the *very name* is forgotten ; and a preference given to a *whiter*, but more *unwholesome* sort of bread, *if alone enters into the composition ; which, indeed, cannot be concealed.*

One of the first cares of a *prime-minister* (who ought also to be considered as *providitor-general* of a kingdom) is to see the people supplied with bread, of an *wholesome* nature, at as *reasonable* a price as possible.

Hence the *Great GUSTAVUS* used to say, "*That it required more talents to feed a large army in the field, upon easy terms, in times of war ; than to conduct the fighting part.*"

That

That conscience and religion soon might fly
To some forsaken clime and distant sky.

Ign'rant of happiness, and blind to ruin,
How oft are our PETITIONS our UNDOING !

JEPHTHA, with grateful sense of vict'ry fir'd,
Made a rash vow, and thought the vow *inspir'd* :
In piety the First, his Daughter ran,
To hail with duteous voice the conqu'ring Man :
Well-meaning, but unconscious of her doom,
She fought a blessing, and she found a tomb * !

The Pow'r Supreme, [my Author so declares,]
Heard with concern the erring Hermit's pray'rs ;
Heard dis-approving ; but at length inclin'd
To give a *living lesson* to mankind ;
That men thence-forward should submissive live ;
And leave *Omniscience* the free pow'r to give. —

* JUDGES Ch. xi, v 31.

For wealth or poverty, on man bestow'd,

Alike are blessings from the hand of God !

How often is the soul ensnar'd by health ?

How poor in virtue is the man of wealth ?

The Hermit's pray'r *permitted*, not *approv'd* ;—

Soon in an higher sphere EULOGIUS mov'd :

Each sluice of affluent fortune open'd-soon,

And wealth flow'd in at morning, night, and noon.

One day, in turning some uncultur'd ground,

[In hopes a free-stone quarry might be found,]

His mattock met resistance, and behold

A casket burst, with di'monds fill'd and gold.

He cramm'd his pockets with the precious store,

And ev'ry night review'd it o'er and o'er ;

Till a gay conscious pride, unknown as yet,

Touch'd a vain heart, and taught it to forget :

And, what still more his stagg'ring virtue try'd,

His mother, tut'refs of that virtue, dy'd.

A neigh-

A neighb'ring matron, not unknown to fame,
 [Historians give her TERAMINTA's name,]
 The parent of the needy and distress'd,
 With large demesnes and well-sav'd treasure blest ;
 [For like th' *Egyptian* Prince * she hoarded store
 To feed at periodic dearths the poor ;]
 This matron, whiten'd with good works and age,
 Approach'd the sabbath of her pilgrimage ;
 Her spirit to himself th' *Almighty* drew ; —
 Breath'd on th' alembic, and exhal'd the dew.
 In souls prepar'd, the passage is a breath
 From time t'eternity, from life to death †.
 But first, to make the Poor her future care,
 She left the good EULOGIUS for her heir,

* GEN. Ch. xli, v 35, &c.

† “ *The time in which we now live is borrowed from the space of
 “ our existence : What is past is dead and vanished ; what remaineth
 “ is daily made less and less ; insomuch that the whole time of our life
 “ is nothing but a passage to death.*”

St. AUGUST. de Civitat. Dei, X.

Who but EULOGIUS now exults for joy ?
 New thoughts, new hopes, new views his mind employ.
 Pride push'd forth buds at ev'ry branching shoot,
 And virtue shrunk almost beneath the root.
 High-rais'd on fortune's hill, new *Alps* he spies,
 O'erhoots the valley which beneath him lies,
 Forgets the depths between, and travels with his eyes. }

The TEMPTER saw the danger in a trice,
 [For the man slider'd upon *fortune's* ice :]
 And, having found a corpse half-dead, half-warm,
 Reviv'd it, and assum'd a *courtier's* form :
 Swift to THEBAIS urg'd his airy flight ;
 And measur'd half the globe in half a night.

With flowing manners exquisitely feign'd,
 And accent soft, he soon admission gain'd :
 Survey'd each out-work well, and mark'd apart
 Each winding avenue that reach'd the heart ;

Displaying,

Displaying, like th' illusive FRIEND of old,
Thrones deckt with gems, and realms of living gold *.

Bad spirits oft intrude upon the Good;
ADONIS' grot near CHRIST's *presepio* stood †.

Th' *artificer of fraud*, [tho' here he fail'd,]
Strait chang'd approaches, and the *ear* assail'd;
This only chink accessible he finds;
For flatt'ry's oil pervades ev'n virtuous minds.
Virtue, like towns well-fortify'd by art,
Has [spite of fore-sight] one deficient part.

With lenient artifice, and fluent tongue,
[For on his lips the dews of *Hybla* hung,]
LIBANIUS-like ‡, he play'd the *sophist's* part,
And by soft marches stole upon the heart;

* MATTH. Ch. v, v. 8.

† See *Sandys's Travels* into the Holy Land, Folio, P. 138.

Presepio is an Italian word, taken from the Latin, and signifies a *stable* or *manger*. It is now become a *term of art*, and denotes any picture, drawing, or print, where CHRIST is represented as born in a stable or lying in the manger.

‡ A famous Greek rhetorician in the fourth century, whose Orations are still extant.

Maintain'd that *station* gave new birth to sense,
 And call'd forth manners, courage, eloquence :
 Then touch'd with spritely dashes here and there,
 [Correctly strong, yet seeming void of care,]
 The master-topic, which may most men move,
 The charms of beauty and the joys of love !
 EULOGIUS falter'd at the first alarms,
 And soon the 'waken'd passions buzz'd to arms ;
 Nature the clam'rous bell of discord rung,
 And vices from dark caverns swift up-sprung.
 So, when *bell's monarch* did his summons make,
 The slumb'ring demons started from the lake.

EULOGIUS saw with pride, or seem'd to see,
 [Not yet in *act*, but in the pow'r to *be*,]
 Great merit lurking dormant in his mind :
 He had been negligent —— but Nature kind :
 Till by degrees the vain, deluded elf,
 Grew out of humour with his former self.

He

He thought his cottage small, and built in haste ;

It had *convenience*, but it wanted *taste*.

His mien was aukward ; *graces* he had none ;

Provincial were his notions and his tone ;

His manners emblems of his own rough stone.

Then, slavish copyist of his copying *friend*,

He ap'd him without skill, and without end :

Lariffa's gutturals convuls'd his throat ;

He smooth'd his voice to the *Bizantine* note.

With courtly suppleuess *un-furl'd* his face ;

Or *screw'd* it to the *bonne mine* of grimace ;

With dignity he sneez'd, and cough'd with grace.

The *pious mason once*, had time no more

To mark the wants and mis'ry of the poor !

Suspicious thoughts his pensive mind employ,

A fullen gratitude, and clouded joy,

In days of poverty his heart was light :

He sung his hymns at morning, noon, and night.

Want

Want sharpens poesy, and *grief* adorns ;
 The *spink* * chaunts sweetest in a *bedge of thorns* †.
 Tir'd of an house too little for his pride,
 Tir'd of himself, and country-friends beside,
 He sometimes thought to build a mansion, fit
 For state, and people it with men of wit ;
 Knowing [by fame] small poets, small musicians,
 Small painters, and still smaller politicians ;
 Nor was the fee of ten-score *mine* wanting,
 To purchase taste in building and in planting,
 A critic too he was, and rul'd the stage ;
 The fashionable *judgement* ‡ of his age :
 When CRITO once a panegyric shew'd,
 He beat him with a *staff* § of his own ode.

* *Spink*, the old poetical name for *finches* of every sort. See *Country Farm*, by Surset and Markham, folio, printed in 1616.

† SIC ORIG.

‡ Critics in the reign of Charles II. called themselves *judgements*. Hence Dryden says,

“ A BROTHER-JUDGEMENT spare,
 “ He is, like you, a very wolf, or bear.”

§ *Staff*, i. e. *Stanza*. See Shakespeare, Cowley, and Dryden's *Rival Ladies*, Act I, sc. 2.

Ah

Ah what, he cry'd, are PINDAR's flights to me ?

I love soft home-made sing-song, duty-free.

Write me the style that Lords and Ladies speak ;

Or give me Pastorals in *Doric* Greek :

I read not for instruction, but for ease ;

The opium of the pen is sure to please :

Where *limpid* streams are *clear*, and *sun-shine* bright ;

Where *woos* and *coos*, and *loves* and *doves* unite :

Where *simply-married* *epithets* are seen,

With gentle HYPHEN keeping peace between.

Whipt cream ; unfortify'd with wine or sense !

Froth'd by the flattern-muse, INDIFFERENCE ;

And deck'd [as after-ages more shall see]

With poor hedge-flow'rs, *y-clept* SIMPLICITY !

Pert, and yet dull ; tawdry and mean withall ;

Fools for the future will it NATURE call.

He learnt his whims, and high-flown notions too, }

Such as fine men *adopt*, and fine men *rue* : }

[Meer singularity the point in view.] }

JULIAN

JULIAN with him was statesman, bard, and wit ;

JULIAN, who ten times miss'd, and one time hit ;

Who reason'd blindly, and more blindly writ.

JULIAN, who lov'd each sober mind to shock ; —

Who laugh'd at God, and offer'd to a *cock* ;

He learn'd no small regard for ARIUS too ;

And hinted *What*, — nor *He*, nor ARIUS knew.

But most [as did his pregnant parts become]

He lov'd th' old pageantry of *Pagan* ROME.

Pompous *Idolatry* with him was fashion ;

Nay, he once dream'd of *Transubstantiation*. —

Now, Muse, return, and tread thy course again ;

I only tell the story of a swain.

PIRASMUS [for that name the demon bore

Who nurs'd our spark in fashionable lore]

Lik'd well this way-ward vanity of mind,

But thought a country-stage a niche confin'd ;

Too cold for lux'ry, nor too folly kind :

Bizantium's

Bizantium's hot-bed better ſerv'd his uſe,

The ſoil leſs ſtubborn, and more rank the juice.

My Lord, he cries, [with looks and tone compos'd,

Whilſt he the miſchief of his ſoul diſclos'd]

Forgive me, if *that* title I afford

To one, whom nature meant to be a *lord*;

How ill mean neighbourhood your genius ſuits ?

To live like ADAM midſt an herd of brutes !

Leave the meer country to meer country-ſwains,

And dwell where life in all life's glory reigns.

At fix hours' diſtance from *Bizantium's* walls,

[Where *Bosphorus* into the *Euxine* falls]

In a gay diſtrict, call'd th' *Elyſian vale* *;

A furniſh'd *villa* ſtands, propos'd for ſale :

Thither, for ſummer-ſhade, the Great reſort ;

Each nymph a goddeſs, and each houſe a court :

Be maſter of the happier LARES there,

And taſte life's grandeur in a rural air.

* SIC ORIG.

He spoke. EVLOGIUS readily agreed,
 And sign'd with eager joy the purchase-deed:
 Div'd in the *Theban* vales an home-spun swain;
 And rose a tawdry fop in *Afia's* plain.
 Dame nature gave him comeliness and health;
 And *Fortune* [for a pass-port] gave him wealth:
 The beaux extoll'd him, the coquets approv'd;
 For a rich coxcomb is by *instinct* lov'd.

Swift ATALANTA [as the story's told*]
 Felt her feet *bird-lim'd* to the earth with gold:
 The youth † had wealth, with no unpleasing face;
That, and the *golden* apples, won the race:
 Had he been swifter than the swiftest wind,
 And a *poor wit*,——He still had sigh'd behind,——
 Here SATAN vanish'd:——He had fresh commands——
 And knew his pupil was in able hands.

* OVID: *Met.* L. x, y 666:

† HIPPOMENES.

And

And now, the *treasure found*, and *matron's store*,
 Sought other objects than the tatter'd Poor :
 Part to *humiliated APICIUS* went,
 A part to *gaming confessors* was lent,
 And part, O virtuous THAIS, paid thy rent.
 Poor folks have leisure-hours to fast and pray ;
 Our rich man's bus'ness lay another way :
 No farther intercourse with Heav'n had he,
 But left good works to men of low degree :
 Warm as himself pronounc'd each ragged man,
 And bade distress to prosper as it can :
 Till, grown obdurate by meer dint of time,
 He deem'd all poor men rogues, and want a crime *.

* “ *Why dost thou doat on the image of a King stamped on coin,
 and despise the image of God that shines in human nature ?*”

ST. AUGUST.

MINUTIUS FELIX addresses himself very pathetically to great
 and opulent men devoid of charity and alms-giving :

“ *A man,*” says he, “ *asks bread of you. — Whilst your horses champ
 upon bridles whose bits are gilt with gold, the people die with hun-
 ger : — whereas one of your diamonds might save the lives of an
 hundred families.*”

By *chance* he ancient amities forgot,
 Or else expung'd them with one *wilful* blot :
 Nor knew he God nor man, nor faith nor friends;
 But for by-purposes and worldly ends.
 No single circumstance his mind dismay'd,
 But his low extract, and once-humble trade ;
 These thoughts he strove to bury in expence,
 Rich meats, rich wines, and vain magnificence :
 Weak as the Roman Chief, who strove to hide
 His father's cot, [and once his father's pride,]
 By casing a low shed of rural mold
 With marble-walls, and roof adorn'd with gold *.
 Who but EULOGIUS now is prais'd and known,
 The very *Ignis fatuus* of the Town ?
 Our ready scholar in a single year
 Could lie, forget, swear, flatter, and forswear †.

Rough

* *Sic Orig.*

† “ *Those who are accustomed to swear often may sometimes by chance
 happen to forswear : as he that indulges his tongue in talking fre-
 quently* ”

Rough to the tim'rous, timid with the brave ;
'Midst wits a witling, and with knaves a knave.

FAME, not contented with her *broad high-way*,
Delights, for change, thro' *private paths* to stray ;
And, wand'ring to the Hermit's distant cell,
Vouchsaf'd EULOGIUS' history to tell.

At night a dream confirm'd the Hermit more ;
He started, scream'd, and sweat from ev'ry pore.
He dream'd that on his throne th' ALMIGHTY sat
In th' awful valley of JEHOSHAPHAT *,
Where, underneath a spreading cedar's shade,
He 'spy'd his friend on *beds of roses* laid ;
Round him a croud of threat'ning furies stands,
With instruments of vengeance in their hands.

" gently speaks that which he blushes for in silence."

St. CHRYSOST:

Again, St. JEROM adds, " *Let thy tongue be a stranger to lying
and swearing ; on the contrary, let the love of truth be so strongly
in thee, that thou countest whatever thou sayest to be sealed with
an oath.*"

* JOEL, Ch. iii, v 12.



The

The Judge supreme soon cast a stedfast eye;
[Stern, yet attemper'd with benignity,]

On the rash Hermit; who with impious pray'r
Had been the sponsor of another's care.

"Wretch, thou art lost in part, and in the whole!"

"Is this the mortgage for thy brother's soul?"

An apoplex of dread EUSEBIUS shook :
Despairing JUDAS glar'd in all his look.

Trembling he fell before th' Almighty-throne ;
Importunate as ABRAHAM * t' atone

For others' crimes : O Pow'r Supreme, said he,

Grant me, once more, th' ungrateful wretch to see :

Suspend thy doom till then : On Christian ground

No graceless monster, like my friend, is found.

He spoke, and wak'd aghast : He tore his hair,

And rent his sack-cloath garments in despair ;

Walk'd to CONSTANTINOPLE, and enquir'd

Of all he met ; at length the house desir'd

* GEN. Ch. xviii, v 23—33.

By chance he found, but no admision gain'd ;
 A *Thracian* slave the porter's place maintain'd,
 [Sworn foe to thread-bare suppliants,] and with pride
 His master's presence, nay, his name, deny'd.

There walk'd EUSEBIUS at the dawn of light,
 There walk'd at noon, and there he walk'd at night;
 In vain. — At length, by Providence's care,
 He found the door un-clos'd, nor servants near,
 He enter'd, and thro' sev'ral rooms of state
 Pass'd gently ; in the last EULOGIUS fate.
Old man, good-morrow, the gay courtier cry'd ;
God give you grace, my son, the fire reply'd ;
 And then, in terms as moving and as strong,
 As clear, as ever fell from angel's tongue,
 Besought, reprov'd, exhorted, and condemn'd : —
 EULOGIUS knew him, and, tho' known, contemn'd,

The Hermit then assum'd a bolder tone ;
 His rage was kindled, and his patience gone.

Without respect to titles or to place,
 I call thee [adds he] miscreant to thy face.
 My pray'rs drew down Heav'n's bounty on thy head,
 And in an evil hour my wishes sped.
 Ingratitude's black curse thy steps attend;
 Monster to God, and faithless to thy friend !

With all the rage of an insulted man
 The Courtier call'd his slaves, who swiftly ran ;
 " ANDROTION, GETA, seize this aged fool,
 " See him well-scourg'd, and send him back to school.
 " Teach the *Old Chronicle*, in future times
 " To bear no mem'ry but of poor rogues' crimes."

The Hermit took the chastisement, and went
 Back to THEBAIS full of discontent ;
 Saw his once-impious rashness more and more,
 And, victim to convinc'd contrition, bore
 With Christian thankfulness the marks he wore.

And

And then on bended knees with tears and sighs

He thus invoc'd the Ruler of the skies :

“ My late request, All-gracious Pow'r, forgive ! —

“ And — that yon miscreant may repent, and live,

“ Give him *that* poverty which suits him best,

“ And leave disgrace and grief to work the rest.”

So pray'd the *Hermit*, and with reason pray'd. —

Some plants the sun-shine ask, and *some* the shade.

At night the *nure-trees* spread, but check their bloom

At morn, and lose their verdure and perfume.

The virtues of *most* men will only blow,

Like coy *auriculas*, in *Alpine* snow * :

Transplant them to the equinoctial line,

Their vigour sickens, and their tints decline. —

Heav'n to its pre-dilected children grants

The middle space 'twixt opulence and wants.

* This flower was first discovered under the snow, at the feet of some ice-mountains amongst the *Alps*.

Mean-while EULOGIUS, un-abash'd and gay,
 Pursu'd his courtly track without dismay :
 Remorse was hood-wink'd, conscience charm'd away. }

REASON the *felon of herself* was made,

And NATURE's *substance* hid by NATURE's *shade* !

Our fine Man, now completed, quickly found
 Congenial friends in *Asiatic* ground.

Th' advent'rous pilot in a single year

Learn'd his state-cock-boat dext'rously to steer ;

Versatile, and sharp-piercing like a screw,

Made good th' *old* passage, and still forc'd a *new* :

For, just as int'rest whiffled on his mind,

He ANATOLIANS left, or THRACIANS join'd ;

Caught ev'ry breeze, and sail'd with ev'ry tyde ;

But still was mindful of the *lee-ward side* :

Still mark'd the pinnacle of fortune's height,

And bark'd — to be made turn-spit of the state.

By

By other arts he learns the knack to thrive ;
 The most obsequious parasite alive :
 Chamelion of the court, and country too ;
 Pays CESAR'S tax, but gives the *mob* their due ;
 And makes it, in his conscience, the same thing
 To crown a TRIBUNE, or behead a KING :
 All things to all men ; — and (himself to please)
Affimulates * each colour which he sees.
 If patriots pay him, willow-wreaths he bears,
 And coats of *filamotte* † complexion wears ;
 If statesmen pay him better, a fresh hue
 Brightens his garb ; more brilliant as more new ;
 Court-turquoise, and indelible of blue.
 Thus weather-cocks by ev'ry wind are blown,
 And int'rest *oils* a motion, not their own.

* "*Protinus affimulat tetigit quoscunque colores*"

OID. *Met.* XV, † 411.

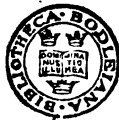
† *Filamotte* (*Dryden*) is that "clouded mixture of *crimson*,
 "yellow, and *umber*-colours, which are seen in the beginning of
 "winter on a falling leaf." *Filamotte*, *quasi feuille morte*. Thus
Isabella-colour denotes a certain grave colour worn by the Infanta
Isabella Clara Eugenia, Arch-duchess of *Austria*, &c, 1623. For
gridehne, see the *VISION of DEATH*, page 99.

How strangely crouds misplace things, and mis-call ;
MADNESS in *One* is **LIBERTY** in *All* !

On less important days, he pass'd his time
 In virtuoso-ship, and crambo-rhyme :
 In gaming, jobbing, fidling, painting, drinking,
 And ev'ry art of using time, but thinking.
 He gives the dinners of each up-start man,
 As costly, and luxurious, as he can ;
 Then weds an heiress of *suburban* mold,
 Ugly as apes, but well-endow'd with gold ;
 There fortune gave him his full dose of strife,
 A scolding woman, and a jealous wife !

T' encrease this load, some sycophant-report
 Destroy'd his int'rest and good grace at court,
 At this one stroke the *man* look'd dead in law :
 His flatt'ers *scamper*, and his friends *withdraw* *.

* " *A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot
 be hidden in adversity.*"



ECCLUS. Ch. xii.

Some

Some men [as HOLY WRIT foretelleth right]

Have one way's entrance, but have sev'n ways flight *.

“ I never lik'd the wretch,” says *one* : *another*

Opines † in the same language with his brother ;

A *third*, with mystic shrug and winking eye,

Suspects him for a dervise and a spy.

“ *Pray, Sir, the crime ?*”——The monarch frown'd,

——No more,

The fellow's guilty, and his bus'ness o'er ‡.

And now [to shorten my disfavour'd tale]

Storms of affronts pour'd in as thick as hail.

Each scheme for safety mischievously sped,

And the drawn sword hung o'er him by a thread.

* DEUT. Ch. xxviii, † 7.

† *Opines*, i. e. gives his opinion. Mr. Pope, from the *French*.

‡ “ ———— Nunquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi

“ Huncce hominem. Sed quo cecidit sub crimine? Quisquam

“ Delator? Quibus indicibus, quo teste probavit?

“ Nil horum. Verbosa, et grandis epistola venit

“ A Capreis. Bene habet, nil plus interrogo.”——

JUVEN. Sat. X, † 68.

To such sort of worldly connexions may be applied the golden saying of
St. CHRYSOSTOM, “ MEUM and TUUM are almost incompatible
“ words.”

ORAT. in PHILAGON.

Child

Child he had none. His wife with sorrow dy'd ;
Few women can survive the loss of pride.

Mean-while the DEMON, who was absent far,
[Engag'd in no less work than *civil war*]
Perceiv'd th' approaching wreck ; and, in a trice
Appearing, gave both comfort and advice.

“ Great genius's,” he cry'd, “ must ne'er despair ;
“ The *Wise* and *Brave* usurp on *Fortune's* care !
“ The un-exhausted funds of human wit
“ Oft miss one object, and another hit :
“ The *man of courts*, who trusts to one poor hole,
“ Is a low *foolish fool**, and has no soul :
“ Disgraces my *respected* patronage,
“ And, gaining *Heav'n*, becomes the *jest* of *th' age* † !

“ Court-

* “ *A fool in his folly.*” PROV. of SOLEM. Ch. xvii, † 12.

† The Son of Sirach, in opposition to these false and dangerous notions, justly remarks : “ *Observe the opportunity, and beware of evil : Be not ashamed when it concerneth thy SOUL.*”

ECCLUS. Ch. iv, † 20.

Isaiah's advice is very noble : “ *Fear not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings : For the moth shall eat them*”
“ up

- “ Court-loyalty is a *precarious thing* ;
- “ When the king’s trump, time-servers serve the king ;
- “ But, when he’s out of luck, they shift their fail,
- “ And popularity’s the fav’rite gale :
- “ Vain *popularity* ! which *fancy* shrouds,
- “ Like JUNO’s shade, in party-colour’d clouds.
- “ Each man will go *a mile* to see you crown’d
- “ With civic wreaths, till earth and skies resound ;
- “ And each man will go *two* to see you drown’d. }
- “ Whoever hopes in dang’rous times to rise,
- “ Must learn to shoot swift *Fortune* as she flies :
- “ Capricious *Phantom* ! never at a stay ;
- “ Just seen, and lost ; when nearest, far away !
- “ But, to be brief ; [and mark my judgement well :]
- “ Your fortunes totter’d, when old JUSTIN fell ;

“ *up as a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool ; but my
salvation shall be for ever.*” Ch. li, v 7, 8.

“ *I, even I, am HE that comforteth you. Why shouldst thou be
afraid of a man that shall die, and forgettest the LORD thy Ma-
ker, who stretched forth the heavens ?*” Ibid. v 12, 13.

“ His

- " His fucceffor *, as you and all men know,
 " Is kind, when friend ; and un-appeas'd, when foe ;
 " Some fly court-vermin, wriggling in his ear,
 " Has whifper'd, what predicts your ruin near ;
 " Then caft thy die of fortune all at once ;
 " Learn to be any thing but dupe or dunce,
 " Fortune affifts the brave. Plunge boldly in ;
 " T' attempt, and fail, is a poor sneaking fin,
 " HYPATIUS [with pretentions not the worft]
 " Affects the throne : Be thou to join the *first* :
 " 'Tis not a crime too worldly-wife to be ; —
 " Or [if it is] difcharge the crime on *me*."

Thus weak EULOGIUS, by falfe greatnefs aw'd,
 Liften'd — unto th' *artificer* of fraud ;
 The doctrine came not from th' all-righteous Throne :
 When SATAN *tells a LIE*, 'tis all his own †.

He fpoke, and vanish'd. Swift EULOGIUS fled,
 And to the *Emulous of empire* sped.

* JUSTINIAN.

† JOHN Ch. viii, v 44.

Here,

Here, were it not too long, I might declare
The motives and successes of the war,
The prowess of the knights, their martial deeds,
Their swords, their shields, their furcoats * and their
steeds ;

Till BELISARIUS at a single blow
Suppress'd the faction and repell'd the foe.
By a quick death the traitors he reliev'd ;
Condemn'd, if taken ; famish'd, if repriev'd.

Now see EULOGIUS [who had all betray'd
Whate'er he knew] in loathsome dungeon laid :
A pris'ner, first of war, and then of state :
Rebel and traitor ask a double fate !
But good JUSTINIAN, whose exalted mind
[In spite of what PIRASMUS urg'd] inclin'd
To mercy, soon the forfeit-life forgave,
And freed it from the shackles of a slave.

* *Surcoat*, an upper garment of defence. DAYDEN.

Then

Then ~~spoke~~ with mild, but in majestic strain,
Repent, and haste thee to *Larissa's* plain,
Or wander thro' the world, another CAIN.
Thy lands and goods shall be the poor man's lot;
Or feed the orphans, you've so long forgot.

Forfaken, helpless, re-cogniz'd by none,
Proscrib'd EULOGIUS left th' unprosp'rous town :
For succour at a thousand doors he knock'd ;
Each heart was harden'd, and each door was lock'd.
A pilgrim's staff he bore, of humble thorn ;
Pervious to winds his coat, and sadly torn :
Shoes he had none : a beggar gave a pair,
Who saw feet poorer than his own, and bare.
He drank the stream, on dew-berries he fed,
And wildings harsh supply'd the place of bread ;
Thus home-ward urg'd his solitary way ;
[Four years had he been absent to a day.]

Fame thro' *Thebais* his arrival spread,
Half his old friends reproach'd him, and half fled :

Of

Of help and common countenance bereft,
 No creature own'd him, but a dog he left.
 Compunction touch'd his soul, and, wiser made
 By bitter suff'rings, he resum'd his *trade* :
 Thank'd Heav'n for want of pow'r and want of *poss*,
 That he had *lost* the world, and *found* himself.
 Conscience and charity reviv'd their part,
 And true humility enrich'd the heart,
 While *grace* celestial with enliv'ning ray
 Beam'd forth, to gl'd the ev'ning of his day.
 His neighbours mark'd the change, and each man strove
 By slow degrees t' applaud him, and to love.
 So PETER, when his tim'rous guilt was o'er,
 Emerg'd, and stood twice firmer than before *.
 EUSEBIUS, who had long in silence mourn'd,
 Rejoic'd to hear the PRODIGAL return'd ;

* See LUKE Ch. xxii, v 55—62.

" Peter stood more firmly, after he had lamented his fall, than
 before he fell." St. AMBROSE.

And with the eagerness of feeble age
Made haste t' express his joy, and griefs assuage.

“ My Son,” he cry’d, “ once more contemplate
me :

“ Behold th’ unhappy *wretch* that ruin’d thee ;
“ My ill-judg’d pray’rs [in luckless moments sped]
“ Brought down *the curse of riches* on thy head.
“ No language can express one single part
“ Of what I felt, and what still racks my heart.
“ Vainly I thought, that, to encrease thy store,
“ Was to encrease Heav’n’s *manna* for the poor.
“ Man’s virtue cannot go beyond its length ;
“ God’s gifts are still proportion’d to our strength.
“ The Scripture-widow * gives her well-sav’d mite
“ With affluent joy, nor fears to suffer by’t :
“ Whilst Dives’ heaps [the barter of his soul]
“ Lie bury’d in some base inglorious hole,

* LUKE Ch. xxi, v 2. 2 COR. Ch. viii, v 12.

“ Of

“ Or on the wings of pomp and lux’ry fly,
 “ Accurst by Heav’n, and dead to charity † !
 “ The CHARITABLE FEW are chiefly *they*
 “ Whom Fortune places in the *middle* way ‡ ;
 “ Just *rich* enough, with œconomic care,
 “ To save a pittance, and a pittance spare :
 “ Just *poor* enough to feel the poor man’s moan,
 “ Or share those suff’rings which may prove their
 “ own !——

“ Great riches, with insinuating art,
 “ Debase the man, and petrify the heart.
 “ Let the false friend, like SATAN, be withstood,
 “ Who wishes us more wealth—to do more good !

† “ *God is not honoured with our expending that money which is bedewed with the tears of the oppressed.*” St. CHRYSOST.

‡ The truly charitable man, (who happens to be neither *rich* nor *poor*) is well painted by an ancient Classic. I quote the verses, because I never saw them quoted :

“ *Cujus*
 “ *Non frontem vertere minæ ; sed candida semper*
 “ *Gaudia, & in vultu curarum ignara voluptas.*
 “ *Non tibi sepositas infelix strangulat arca*
 “ *Divitias ; avidæve animum dispendia torquent*
 “ *Fœnoris expositi census ; sed docta fruendi*
 “ *Temperies,*” &c.

P

“ To

“ To this great trial SOME are equal found ;
 “ MOST in th’ unnavigable stream are drown’d ¶.”

He spoke : And, with a flood of tears oppress’d,
 Left his EULOGIUS to divine the rest.

“ Father,” he cry’d, (and with complacence smil’d)
 “ Heav’n’s tryals have at length reclaim’d its child.
 “ *Omniscience* only can our wants fore-know,
 “ And *All-Beneficence* will best bestow.
 “ SOME FEW God’s bounty on the Poor employ :
 “ THERE ARE—whom to *promote*, is to *destroy* !
 “ Rough, thorny, barren, is pale virtue’s road ;
 “ And *poisons* are true cures when giv’n by God.
 “ Spontaneous I resign, with full accord,
 “ The empty nothings wealth and pow’r afford ;
 “ My MIND’s my ALL, by Heav’n’s free grace re-
 “ stor’d.

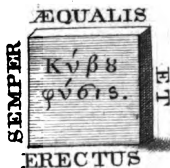
¶ *Hugo*, in his excellent treatise *De Anima*, makes the following remark upon greatness and ambition :

“ The human heart is a small thing, and yet desireth great matters.
 “ It is barely sufficient for a kite’s dinner, and yet the whole world
 “ sufficeth it not.”

“ O

- “ O Pow’r Supreme ! unsearchable thy views !
“ Omniscient, or to give, or to refuse !
“ Grant me, as I begun, to end my days
“ In acts of humble charity and praise ;
“ In *thy own paths* my journey let me run,
“ *And, as in HEAV’N, on EARTH thy Will be done !*”

Thus he maintain’d Almighty Wisdom’s cause.
The sun shone forth — The Hermit pleas’d with-
draws —
And Nature wore an aspect of applause.



MACARIUS:
OR,
THE CONFESSOR.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



MACARIUS: OR, THE CONFESSOR.

Da vocem magno, PATER, ingeniumque dolori.
STAT. *Epiced. Patris.*

AN EPISTLE to the Rev. Dr. ROBERT
HORT, *Canon of Windsor.*

ALL sober poets with *thy Bard* * agree,
Who sung, "*That truth was truest poetry.*"—

* COWLEY. See his DAVIDEIS.

P 4

Alike

Alike to me, and the *Decreas'd*, a Friend ;

O HORT, to these my pious strains attend.

Thou knew'st the MAN ; and thy *Good Sense* is such,

I dare not say too little, or too much. —

Under his eye the self-same views combin'd

Our studies, and one horoscope conjoin'd.

He check'd th' impatient wand'rings of our youth,

And grafted on our fancy facts and truth.

Together we amus'd our youthful prime,

Days seem'd but hours, and time improv'd on time :

Mindless of cares, [and how they pass'd or came]

Our sports, our labours, and our rest the same *.

See'st thou yon' *Eugbs*, by pensive nature made

For tears, and grief, and melancholy shade ;

Wide o'er the church they spread an awful light,

Than day more serious, half-compos'd as night,

* These eight lines are imitated from a famous passage in PER-
SIUS, *Sat. V*, too well known to be reprinted. It begins —

“ *Geminos horoscops* ” — &c.

[There,

[There, where the winding KENNET gently laves
Britannia's LOMBARDY * with silver waves ;]

There sleeps MACARIUS, foe to pomp and pride ;
 Who liv'd *contented*, and *contented* dy'd.

Say, shall the lamp where TULLIA was entomb'd,
 Burn twice sev'n ages, and be un-consum'd ?
 And not one verse be sacred to a *name*
 Endear'd by virtuous deeds and silent fame ?
True Fame demands not panegyric aid ;
 The fun'ral torch burns brightest in the shade ;
 Too fast it blazes, fann'd by public air ; —
 Thus blossoms fall, before their tree can bear.
True Fame, like *porc'lain earth*, for years must lay
 Bury'd, and mix'd with elemental clay †.

* *Berkshire.*

† It is reported that the *Chinese* beat and mix thoroughly together the composition that makes porcelaine, and then bury it in a deep bed of clay for an hundred years. See *Dr. Donne's Letters*. See also the *Discovery of Hidden Treasure*, 4to, London 1656, p. 89 ; (a very scarce and curious Work, by the famous GABRIEL PLATTES.)

His

His younger days were not in trifling spent,
 For pious HALL * a kind inspection lent :
 He shew'd him what to seek and what to shun :——
 HARCOURT † with him the thorny journey run,
 Companion of his studies ; and a friend
 Sincere in youth, and stedfast to the end.

Courts and the world he *knew*, but not *admir'd* ;
 He travell'd thro' them *wisely*, and *retir'd* :
 Giving to solitude and heav'nly care
 Those moments which the worldling cannot spare.
 Thus, half a century, his course he run
 Of pray'r and praises, daily, like the sun :
 Happy ! Who *Truth* invariably pursues,
 And well-earn'd fame by better fame renews ‡ !

His

* Mr. *John HALL*, Master of *Pembroke College, Oxford*, in 1667, and Rector of *St. Aldate's* in the same university. Created D. D. in 1669 ; elected Margaret Professor in 1676 ; and consecrated Bishop of Bristol the 12th of June, 1691. All which preferments he enjoyed together.

† Mr. *Simon HARCOURT*, afterwards *Lord Chancellor Harcourt*, offered him a Bishoprick from *Queen Anne* many years after the Revolution ; but the favour was declined with grateful Acknowledgements.

‡ “ *Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God ;*
 “ *and*

His *books*, like friends were chosen, *few* and *good*;
 Constantly us'd and truly understood.
 The SACRED SCRIPTURES were his chief delight *;
 Task of the day, and vision of the night :
 Truth's *second* sources he with care survey'd,
 And walk'd with HERMAS in the rural shade †.
 CYPRIAN with awful gravity he fought ;
 And true simplicity IGNATIUS brought ;
 Lively MINUCIUS did his hours beguile ;
 LACTANTIUS charm'd with elegance of style :
 But mostly CHRYSOSTOM engag'd his mind :
 Great without labour, without art refin'd !
 Now see *his* gentle elocution flows,
 Soft as the flakes of heav'n-descending snows ;

*" and could not, out of the good things that are seen, know him.
 " THAT IS, neither, by considering the works did they acknowledge
 " the work-master."* WISD. OF SOL. Ch. xiii, § 1.

* He employed ten or twelve hours a day in study, without any interruption, [but that of casual sickness] for fifty years successively. His principal business was in referring every difficult part of Scripture to those particular passages in the Fathers, and eminent modern Divines, who had explained them expressly or occasionally.

† Alluding to a Work entitled the *Shepherd of Hermas*. *Hermas* was cotemporary with some of the Apostles.

Now

Now see *him*, like th' impetuous torrent, roll ;
 Pure in his diction, purer in his soul :
 By few men equal'd, and surpass'd by none ;
 A TULLY and DEMOSTHENES in One * !

Something at chearful intervals was due
 To *Roman* classics, and *Attic* too.
 PLATO with raptures did his soul inspire ;
 PLOTINUS fann'd the *Academic* † fire.
 Then came the STACYRITE ; — whose excellence
 Beams forth in clearness, brevity, and sense !

Next, for amusement'-sake, he turn'd his eyes
 To THEM, *whom we despise*, and then *despise* :

* In order to judge a little of these two assertions, be pleas'd only to read *St. Chrysostom's Homily on the Ten Talents*, on His Commentary on *St. Matthew* ; and his *Orations to the People of Antioch* ΠΕΡΙ ΑΝΑΠΑΝΤΩΝ.

See also *Ferrarius De Concione Veterum*, and the *Eloquentes Christianæ* of M. Giffert : The last of which Works was a favourite Book with the late Lord SOMERS, and wrought a great effect on his future way of thinking.

This anecdote was imparted to me by the late Mr. *Elijah Fenton*, as master of fact on his own knowledge.

† *Academic* is used in the *Horatian* sense of the word :

" *Atque inter sylvas Academi quærens verum.*"

Fore-most

Fore-most of these, unrivall'd SHAKESPEARE stands,
With HOOKER, RALEIGH, CHILLINGWORTH, and

SANDS * ; —

[For in those days “*were Giants in our lands !*”]

Thus, like the bee, he suck'd from ev'ry flow'r,

And hour surpass'd the predecessor-hour.

LATIMER's father † was *his* type of yore ;

Little he had, but something for the poor :

* *Edwyn SANDYS*, Archbishop of *York*, was one of the first eminent Reformers, not only of our holy religion, [which almost every person knows] but of our *language* [which circumstance few persons are apprized of.] His sermons [the time when he preached them being duly considered] may be looked upon as a master-piece of eloquence and fine writing. They were chiefly preached between the years 1550 and 1576.

His son *George* [and here let me be understood to refer chiefly to his *Paraphrase* on *Job*] knew the true harmony of the English *Heroic Couplet* long before *Denham* and *Waller* took up the pen ; and preserved that harmony more uniformly. Variety perhaps was wanting ; which *Dryden* afterwards supplied, but not till he came to the forty-fifth year of his age ; namely, till the time he published *Aurengzebe*.

† Bishop *Hugh Latimer* [whom I quote only by memory, not having the original at hand] says, in one of his Sermons preached at *St. Paul's Cross*, about the year —, “ that tho' his father possessed no more than 40 acres of free land, or thereabouts, yet he had always something to give to the poor, and now and then entertained his friends ;—that he portioned out three daughters, at 5 l. a-piece, and bred up a son at the university ; ‘ otherwise, adds he, “ I should not have had the honour of appearing in this “ pulpit before the King's majesty.”

Note, The original Edition says 4 acres, which must be an error of the Press, instead of 40 acres. Old *Latimer* lived in good repute about the year 1470, in which year his son *Hugh* was born.

And

And oft on better days the board was spread

With wholesome meat and hospitable bread.

Poor in himself, men poorer he reliev'd,

And gave the charities he had receiv'd.

The midnight-lamp, in cryстал case enclos'd;

Beams bright ; nor is to winds nor rains expos'd :

A watch-tow'r to the wand'ers of mankind ;

Forlorn, belated, and with passions blind *,

Who tread the foolish round their fathers trod;

And, 'midst life's errors, hit on death's by-road †.

'Midst racking pains ‡ his mind was calm and ev'n ;

Patience and cheerfulness to him were giv'n ;

PATIENCE ! the choicest gift on this side Heav'n !

* *Palantesq; homines passim, ac rationis egentes,
Despectare procul.* OVID. Met.

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ Sapiensium templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios, passimq; videre
Errare, atq; viam palantes querere vitæ.*

LUCRET. L. II, § 6.

† WISD. of SOL. Ch. i, § 12.

‡ In the last years of his life *Macarius* was grievously afflicted with nephritic pains.

His

His strength of parts surviv'd the *sev'ntieth* year,
And then, like northern fruits, left off to bear;
Nought but a Vestal fire such heat contains;
Age seldom boasts so prodigal remains*.

SOME FEW beyond life's usual date are cast:

Prime clusters of the grape † till winter last.

TO THESE a sacred preference is giv'n:

Each *shaft* is *polish'd*, and th' *Employer Heav'n* ‥.

JEFFR**S [if that were possible] restrain'd

His fury, when *you* mournfully complain'd ‡.

And KIRK's *Barbarians*, hard as harden'd steel,

Forgot their LYBIA, and vouchsaf'd to feel.

* ————— "*Cui vix certaverit ulla
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.*"

VIRG. *Georg.* 2.

† 2 *ESDRAS* Ch. xii, † 42.

‖ *ISAIAH* xlix, † 2. "A *polished shaft* in the *quiver of God*."

‡ When Judge *Jeffr**s* came to *Taunton*-assizes, in the year 1685, to execute his commission upon the unfortunate people concerned in *Monmouth's* rebellion, the Person here spoken of, being Minister of *St. Mary Magdalen's* Church at *Taunton*, waited on him in private, and remonstrated much against his severities. The Judge listened to him calmly, and with some attention; and, tho' he had never seen him before, advanced him in a few months to a Prebendal Stall in the Cathedral church of *Exeter*.

When crowns were *doubtful*, and when numbers
 steer'd

As honour prompted, or self-int'rest veer'd ;
 [Times ! when the wisest of mankind might err,
 And, lost in shadows, wrong or right, prefer ;]
 The *Tempter*, in a *vapour's form**, arose,
 And o'er his eyes a dubious twilight throws,
 To lead him, puzzling, o'er fallacious ground,
 Suborn his passions, and his sense confound :
 Pomp to foretaste, and mitres pre-descrie ;
 [For mists at once enlarge and multiply :]
 Our *Hero* paus'd — and, weighing either side,
 Took poverty ; and conscience for his guide :
 For he, who *thinks* he suffers for his God,
 Deserves a pardon, tho' he feels the rod.
 Yet blam'd he none ; [Himself in honour clear ;]
 That were a crime had cost his virtue *dear* !

* See *Sandys's Paraphrase on Job*, where *Satan* arises in form of an exhalation.

Thus

Thus All he lov'd ; and party he had none,

Except with charity, and Heav'n alone.

In his own friends some frailties he allow'd ;

THESE were too *singular*,¹ and THOSE too *proud*.

Rare spirit ! In the midst of party-flame,

To think well-meaning men are half the same !

B— — sometimes would to *thy* cottage tend ;

An artful enemy, but seeming friend :

Conscious of having plann'd thy worldly fate *,

He could not love thee, and he durst not hate.

But then seraphic KEN was all thy own ;

And HE †, who long declin'd KEN's vacant throne,

* Bishop *Ken* used to say, that King *William* and Queen *Mary* would gladly have permitted the Non-juring Bishops and Clergy [who had just before signalized themselves in a steady opposition to Popery] to have enjoyed their preferments till death, *upon their parole of honour given, that they would never disturb the government ;* which favour would have been thankfully accepted of, and complied with, by the aforesaid Bishops, &c. ; but *somebody* here alluded to [at least as *Macarius* thought] traversed their Majesties gracious intentions. In proof of this, Bishop *Ken* performed the funeral service over Mr. *Kettlewell* in the year 1695, and prayed for King *William* and Queen *Mary*.

† Dr. George Hooper. N. B. It must here also be remembered, that Dr. *Beveridge* refused to succeed Bishop *Ken* in 1691, and then the offer was made to R. *Kidder*, D. D.

Q

Begging

Begging with earnest zeal to be deny'd ;——

By worldlings laught at, and by fools decry'd:

DODWELL was thine, the *bumble* and *resign'd*;

NELSON, with *Christian* elegance of mind ;

And *He**, whose tranquil mildness from afar

Spoke him a distant, but a brilliant star.

These all forsook their homes —— Nor sigh'd nor
wept ; ——

Mammon they freely gave, but God they kept.

Ah, look on honours with MACARIUS' eyes,

Snares to the good, and *dangers* to the wise !

In silence for himself, for friends in tears,

He wander'd o'er the Desert FORTY † years.

The CLOUD and PILLAR [or by *night* or *day*]

Reviv'd his heart, and ascertain'd the way ‡.

* Mr. John Kettlewell, Vicar of Colestall in Warwickshire.

† See EXODUS *passim*. PSALM xcvi, † 10. HEBR. Ch. iii, † 17.

‡ Exod. Ch. xiii, † 21.

His

His *sandals* fail'd not ; and his robes *untorn*
 Escap'd the bramble and entangling thorn ¶.
 Heav'n purify'd for him th' embitter'd *well* *,
 And *Manna* from ærial regions fell †.
 At length near peaceful PISGAH ‡ he retir'd,
 And found *that* rest his pilgrimage requir'd :
 Where, as from toils he silently withdrew,
 Half PALESTINA § open'd on his view :
 Go, *pious hermit*, groves and mountains cry'd ;
 Enter, *thou faithful Servant*, HEAV'N reply'd.

Mild as a babe reclines himself to rest,
 And smiling sleeps upon the mother's breast,
 Tranquil, and with a patriarch's hopes, he gave
 His soul to Heav'n, his body to the grave ;

¶ DEUT. Ch. viii, v 4.

* Waters of *Marah*. EXOD. Ch. xv, v 23—25.

† ISID. Ch. xvi, v 15 and 35.

‡ DEUT. xxxiv, v 1.

§ *Palestina* is the Scripture-word for *Palestine*. ISAIAH twice,
 Ch. xiv, v 29, 31. EXOD. Ch. xv, v 14.

And with such gentleness resign'd his breath,
That 'twas a soft *extinction*, and not *death*.

Happy ! who thus, by unperceiv'd decay,
Absent themselves from life, and steal away *.

Accept this Verse, to make thy mem'ry live,
Lamented Shade ! — 'Tis all *thy Son* can give.

Better to own the debt we cannot pay,
Than with false gold thy fun'ral rites defray.

Vainly my Muse is anxious to procure

Gifts unavailing, empty sepulture † ;

As vainly she expands her flutt'ring wings :

She is no *Swan*, nor, as she *dies*, she *sings*.

He, that would brighten antient di'monds, must

Clear and re-polish them with di'mond-dust :

* *Macarius* (who was born the 28th of October, 1659) was dispossessed of his preferments in 1691, and remained deprived till the time of his death, which happened in February 1735 ; and (which is remarkable enough) the Bishops *Kidder*, *Hooper*, and *Wynne* all contrived that *Macarius* should receive the little profits from his prebend of *Wells* as long as he lived. A circumstance to *their* honour, as well as *his*.

† “ *Hunc saltètm accumulem donis, & fungar inani* .
“ *Munere.*”

VIRG.

That

That task is not for me : The Muses lore
Is lost ; — For POPE and DRYDEN are no more !

O POPE ! too great to copy, or to praise ;
[Whom envy sinks not, nor encomiums raise ;] }
Forgive this grateful tribute of my lays.

MILTON alone could EDEN lost re-gain ;
And only *Thou* portray MESSIAH's reign.
O Early lost ! with ev'ry grace adorn'd !
By me [so Heav'ns ordain it] always mourn'd.
By Thee the good MACARIUS was approv'd :
Whom FENTON honour'd, and PHILOTHEUS lov'd ॥

My *first*, my *latest* bread, I owe to THEE :
Thou, and thy *Friends*, preserv'd my Muse and me:
By proxy, from a *gen'rous Kindred* spread,
Thy CRAGGS's bounty fell upon my head * :

¶ *Philotheüs, Bishop Ken.*

* The late Mrs. Nugent——and Edward Eliot of Port-Eliot, Esq;
&c. &c.

Q 3

Thy

*Thy MORDAUNT's || kindness did my youth engage,
And THY OWN CHESTERFIELD protects my age.*

|| Charles, late Earl of Peterborow, General in Spain, &c.



BOETIUS:

BOETIUS:

OR,

The UPRIGHT STATESMAN.

A supposed EPISTLE

From BOETIUS to his Wife RUSTICIANA.

Pectore magno
Spemque metumque domat, vitio sublimior omni;
Exemptus fati; indignantemque repellit
Fortunam; dubio *quem* non in turbine rerum
Depréndit *suprema dies*, sed *abire paratum*,
Ac plenum vitâ.

STAT. *Sylv.* L. I.

ARGUMENT.

BOETIUS flourished in the former part of the sixth century. He was descended from the *Manlian* family, and was one of the first persons of *Rome* in fortunes and dignity. He received his education at *Athens*; after which he was thrice consul, and always renowned for his eloquence in the Senate. He was upon all occasions inflexibly honest and veracious.

His book entituled the *Consolation of Philosophy* may be looked upon as a master-piece of fine writing. The poetry of it is equal to most compositions in the *Augustan* age; and that even in the classical purity of style: but something which manifests the declension of the *Roman* language may be discovered in the prose-part.

In his prose-writings he made *Aristotle* his model; and, like him, is always clear, tho' concise: leaving an infinite fund for the mind of the reader to work upon. Many works pass under his name: some are genuine; and some are looked upon as supposititious.

This Book of *Philosophical Consolation* [from which a large part of the present Epistle is extracted] has been universally admired in all ages, insomuch that there are many more fine Manuscripts extant of it, than of *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Cicero*, all taken together. The Work we here speak of has been the particular delight and study of Princes and good politicians. *Chaucer* translated it into our language, and afterwards it was translated by Queen *Elizabeth*, &c.

Boetius

Boetius had two wives : The first was *Helpés* a *Sicilian* *, whose conjugal affection is celebrated by him in an epitaph still extant. His second wife [to whom the following Letter is supposed to be addressed] was *Rusticana*, the daughter of *Symmachus*, a *Roman* senator and consul ; one of the most virtuous, learned, and amiable persons of that age. As to *Rusticana*, historians give her all perfections of mind and body. By her *Boetius* had several children : and two of his sons when young had the honour to be publicly carried to the Senate-house in a consular chair, by way of extraordinary compliment to their father.

When *Theodoric* the *Goth* made himself master of the kingdom of *Italy*, he wisely made choice of *Boetius* to be the director of his councils, and governed for many years to the universal satisfaction of his subjects. From a principle of self-interest he had long concealed his inclination for Arianism ; but a series of prosperous government made him ambitious, self-confident, and jealous of *Boetius's* glory. In addition to this, the *Gothic* chieftains that belonged to him were uneasy to see all power in the hands of a *Roman* ; and one of them in particular, named *Trigilla*, having gained a new and great ascendancy over

* *Edward Philips*, who writ one of the best accounts we have of the Poets, ancient and modern, says, some Authors assert that *Helpés* was daughter of a *Sicilian* King, and that she writ Hymns in honour of the Apostles after she embraced Christianity.

Philips's authority carries weight with it : For *Milton* was the instructor of his youthful studies, and afterwards revised the work we here allude to ; *Philips's* mother being *Milton's* sister.

Philips's Book was published in 12mo, 1665, and entitled *Theatrum Poetarum*. One *Winstanley*, a barber, transcribed the lives of the English Poets from our Author's work almost verbatim, and published them in 1687. A most notorious plagiarism ; it being but 22 years after the *Theatrum Poetarum* was published.

the

the king, contrived our Statesman's ruin, by suborning false witnesses, and devising treasonable letters between him and *Justin*, emperor of the East.

Boetius was first banished to *Pavia*, and after four years confinement privately executed in prison. His father in law, *Symmachus*, incurred the same fate. *Theodoric* soon afterwards died with remorse, under all the agonies of a disturbed mind.

It has been looked upon by many good Christians as no small misfortune, that *BOETIUS* in his *CONSO-LATION* has not derived his arguments from *Divine Wisdom* as well as *Prophane philosophy*. One may perceive here and there several hints taken from Scripture, but nothing, as I remember, *in totidem verbis*: Yet his general belief of Christianity has never been suspected, nor even his orthodoxy; for he writ an express Treatise on the consubstantiality of the Trinity, which is still preserved, and looked upon to be genuine.

These circumstances induced me to conclude this Epistle in a manner not unworthy of our Philosopher, and highly agreeable to his Imitator.

It has often been thought, that a *Second Part* added to *BOETIUS's Consolation*, written in the same manner of a Vision, and consisting of verse and prose interchangeably, where *DIVINE WISDOM* is introduced as the speaker and comforter, would afford us one of the finest and most instructive works that could be composed. The *Sieur de CERIZIERS*, almoner to *Louis* the XIIIth, made an attempt of this kind about the year 1636, and executed it with some degree of success.

Boetius was commented upon by no less a person than *Thomas Aquinas*, who was one of the clearest and purest

purest writers of his time. This shews the esteem in which the scholastic ages held him.

In our country King *Alfred* was the first who translated the *Consolation of Philosophy*, and this Translation is still extant. *Chaucer*, as we have already hinted, gave us another version ; and a third, I think, was published by the Monks of *Tavistock*, at the second press that was established in *England*. A fourth Translation was made (as some say) by Queen *Elizabeth* ; and one or two more preceded the version published by Lord *Preston*.

I have nothing farther to add, but that my Worthy *Friend*, to whom this *Elegy* is addressed, will be pleased to bear in memory these beautiful verses of antiquity ; which may be applied (not improperly) both to Him and me.

Nos *facta aliena canendo*
Vergimur in senium ; Propriis Tu pulcher ab annis
 Ipse canenda geres, patriæq; exempla parabis ;
 Poscit AVUS : præstatq; domi novisse triumphos——
Jamq; vale, Et penitus noti tibi Vatis amorem
Corde exire veta.——

EPISTLE



Ex Antiq. Marm.; Roma.

Stuetz Sculpsit.

E P I S T L E

From BOETIUS to his Wife RUSTICIANA.

And it came to pass from the time that he [Potiphar] had made him over-see in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all he had in the house and in the field.

GEN. Ch. xxxix, v. 5.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

THE man, that's truly read in virtue's laws,
 Improves from censure, and distrusts applause.
 Firm in his hope, he yields not to despair * ;
 The cube *revers'd* is still *erect* and *square* †.

ELIOT, to whom kind nature did impart
 The coolest head, and yet the warmest heart :
 Blest in thy nuptials, blest in thy retreat,
 Privately good, and amiably great ;
 Accept with candor these spontaneous lays,
 And grant me pardon, for I ask not praise. —
 In proof the Muse true oracles recites,
 Hear what BOETIUS to his *Consort* writes.

* “ *The fortitude of a just man consists in contemning the flatteries
 of prosperity, and overcoming the fears of poverty.*”

Sti. GREGOR. *Moral.* L. VIII.

† “ *COMPOSITUS, semperq; SVUS.*” STAT. *Sylvæ.* L. II.

Mark

Mark well the *Man*, and Heav'n thy labour blefs;——

In all be like him, but *unhappiness*!

Thus He aspir'd on meditation's wings,

And to the best of Comforts thus he sings :

RUSTICIANA, loveliest of thy kind,
Most in my eyes, and ever in my mind ;

Exil'd from all the joys the world can give,

And——[for my greater grief !] allow'd to live :

[By *Him* *, I train'd to glory, *basely* left ;]

Of all things, but my innocence, bereft :

Patrician, consul, statesman but in name ;

Of honour plunder'd, and proscrib'd in fame :

[Betray'd by men my patronage had fed,

And curst by lips to which I gave their bread ;]

To thee I breathe my elegies of woe ;

For thee, and chiefly thee, my sorrows flow :

* The Emperor *Theodoric*.

Joint-partner of my life, my heart's relief ;

Alike partaker of my joys or grief !

All-bounteous God, how gracious was the care
To mix *thy* antidote with my despair !

RUSTICIANA lives to smoothe my death,
And waft with sighs to Heav'n my parting breath.
Hence hope and fortitude inspire my breast :
Be *her's* the earthly part, and THINE the rest !
Still I am happy, human and divine ;
Th' *assitant* angel *sbe*, th' *assistance* THINE.

O Wife, more *gentle* than the western breeze,
Which [loth to part] dwells whisp'ring on the trees :
Chaste as the lamb th' indulgent pastor leads
To living streams thro' SHARON's flow'ry meads ;
Mild as the voice of comfort to despair ;
Fair as the spring, and yet more *true* than *fair* * ;
Delightful

* " *Quis te felicissimum conjugis pudore non prædicavit ?*"
PHILOSOPHIÆ *Verba ad BOETIUM.*
De Consolat. L. II. Prof. 3.
" *Vivit*

Delightful, as the all-enlivening Sun ;
 Brighter than rills, that glitter as they run,
 And mark thee spotless ; — air thy *purity*
 Denotes, thy *clearness* fire, and earth thy *constancy* *.
 Weep not to read these melancholy strains ;
 Change courts for cells, and coronets for chains. —
 No greatness can be lost, *where* God remains !

Say, what avails me, that I boast the fame
 And deathless honours of the MANLIAN name ;
 Th' unsoil'd succession of renown'd descent,
 Equal to Time's historical extent † ?
 ONE of my ancestors receiv'd his doom
There, where he sav'd the liberties of ROME !

“ *Vivit Uxor ingento modesta, pudicitiae pudore præcellens, et, ut
 omnes ejus dotes breviter includam, Patri [Symmacho] similis. Vivit
 inquam, tibi que tantum, vitæ hujus exosa, spiritum servat. Quoque
 uno felicitatem minui tuam vel ipsa concefferim, tui desiderio lacry-
 mis ac dolore tabescit.*”

Ejusd. Verba. Ibid. Prof. 4, Edit. Juntarum 1521.

* This passage was written in imitation of OVID's famous description of *Galatea*, MET. L. XIII. and improved by an hint taken from Dr. DONNE's *Poems*, Page 96, 12mo.

† “ *Quod si quid in nobilitate bonum, id solum esse arbitror, ut im-
 posita nobilibus necessitudo videatur, nè à majorum virtute degenerent.*”
 L. III, Prof. 6.

R

Did

Did not ANOTHER plunge into the wave
 The GAULISH champion, and his country save?
 Did not a THIRD, [and harder was his fate]
 Make his own child a victim for the state?
 And did not I my wealth and life consume,
 To bless at once THEOPHORIC and ROMA?—
 But all is cancell'd and forgotten since;
Past merits were reproaches to my prince.

As my own glory serv'd to ruin me,
 Thy birth from SYMMACHUS avail; not thee:
 Thy meekness, prudence, beauty, innocence,
 Thy knowledge, and thy virtues, gave offence.
 When excellence is *eminent*, like thine,
 Our eyes are dazzled with too bright a shrine;
 Death must the *medium* give, that makes it mildly
 shine.

What visionary hope the wretch beguiles,
 Who founds his confidence on Princes smiles?

True

True to their int'rest, mindless of their trust,
Convenient is the regal term for *just*.
 The plant, my cultivating hands had made
 A spreading tree, oppress'd me with its shade ;
 Ambition push'd forth many a vig'rous shoot,
 And rancid jealousy manur'd the root :
 Ingratitude a willing heart mis-led,
 And sycophants the growing mischief fed,
 Till th' Arian-Sophist * crept thro' all restraint ;
 The TEMPTER ply'd him, and there split the saint,
 Th' assassin-hand which ODOÁ'GER slew,
 Once more, distain'd with blood, appear'd to view :
 Not foe by foe in hostile fields oppress'd,
 But friend with friend, th' inviter and the guest †.

And O, how weak my skill, how vain my toils,
 To sow *religion's* seeds in *courtly* soils !

* *Theodoric* in his heart was strongly inclined to Arianism,

† *Odoacer* and *Theodoric* had divided by agreement the kingdom of Italy between them. The *latter* invited the *former* to a banquet, and killed him with his own hand.

The few surviving plants that fix'd their root,
 O'ercharg'd with specious herbage, bore no fruit,
 Gorg'd to satiety with unctuous juice
 From a fat earth, and form'd for bulk, not use ;
 Till all the cultivating hand receives
 Is steril plenty of luxuriant leaves *. —
 Or, where we sow'd the grain of life, succeeds
 A copious harvest of pernicious weeds.
 Where corn once stood, th' insatiate thistle stands,
 And deleterious hemlock choaks the lands.

If errors purely human are forgiv'n,
 I dare present my last appeal to Heav'n.
 Religion and clear honesty, combin'd,
 Made up the short full system of my mind.
 Nicely I mark'd the quicksands of the state,
 The crown's encroachments, and the people's hate :

* "*nescia facis*
" Sylva comam tollit, fructumque expirat in umbras."
 STAT. *Sylva*.

Fore-warn'd my prince of arbitrary sway,
 And taught his subjects willingly t' obey :
 Thus ev'ry thing conspir'd to *one* great end,
 The nation was my *child*, the king my *friend*.
 Both still I serv'd with uniform intent,
 The good of both with equal fervour meant ;
 And, wheresoe'er th' infraction first arose,
 Still judg'd th' aggressors man's and nature's foes.

Monarchs, sometimes, discard thro' fear, or hate,
 Those, whose good sense and virtues poize the state ;
 So mariners, when storms the ocean sweep,
 Commit their guardian-ballast to the deep.

Methinks, in these my solitudes, I hear
 TRICILLA whisp'ring in the tyrant's ear *,
Affert the glories which are all thy own ;
And lop the branch that over-shades the throne ;
 When he and malice know, I taught no more
 Than ev'ry righteous statesman taught before:

* L. I, Prof. 4.

I shew'd my prince * ——— “ *The first of regal arts*
Was to reign monarch of the people's hearts :
[Swift to encourage, eager to redress,
The steward of a nation's happiness ;]
Taught him, each gift he gave, by truth to scan ;
T' adapt the man to place, not place to man ;
To guard the public wealth with anxious care,
Studious of peace, but still prepar'd for war :
Taught him, that princes of celestial kind,
Like NUMA, cultivate the field and mind † :
Warn'd him 'gainst pow'r, which suffers no controul ;
But mostly that, which persecutes the soul :

* The precepts of government, comprized in the following lines, and recommended by Boetius, are extracted almost verbatim from Cassiodorus's Letters. Cassiodorus was secretary to Theodoric and Athalaric, kings of the Goths. He was a statesman of great genius, and an author of wonderful invention.

An ancient writer of the Church has justly marked out the difference betwixt a King and a Tyrant : *They have Both*” (says he) “ *absolute power and abundance of people under their command ; but exert their authority and power in a very different manner : For the former seeks only the good of those whom he governs, and regards all, even his life, that they may live in peace and safety.*” He then gives the contrast of their characters in more full detail.

SYNESIUS *Bishop of Cyrené to the Emperor Arcadius.*

† OVID. *Met.* XV, † 482.

Then

Then by examples, or from reason, show'd,

That none are true to man who're false to God †;

And that our lives, except by freedom blest,

Are a dull passive slavery at best."

Hence righteous kings of softer clay are made;

Not for their subjects mis'ry, but their aid *;

True liberty, by pious monarchs giv'n,

Is emblematic *manna* rain'd from heav'n :

Without it, ev'ry appetite is pall'd,

The body fetter'd, and the mind enthrall'd †.

Thus when by chance some rustic hand invades

The nightingale's recess in poplar-shades,

† A saying of *Constantius Chlorus*, the Father of *Constantine* the Great.

* The character of a just and pious prince is finely marked by *ISAIAH*, Ch. xvi, v. 5. "In mercy shall the throne be established, and he shall sit upon it in truth, in the tabernacle of David; judging and seeking judgement, and hasting righteousness."

† Much to this purpose is a passage in the *Son of Sirach* : — "As long as thou livest, and hast breath in thee, give not thyself over to any. In all thy works keep to thyself the pre-eminence, and leave not a stain in thine honour." *ECCLES.* Ch. xxxiii.

R 4

And

And bears the pris'ner with offensive care
 To NERO's house of gold, and NERO's fare ;
 Th' aërial chorister, no longer *free*,
 Wails and detests man's *civil cruelty* ;
 Still dumb th' imprison'd *sylvan* bard remains ;
 [Your *human* bards make music with their chains ;]
 And when from his exalted cage he sees
 The hills, the dales, the lawns, the streams, the trees,
 He looks on courtly food with loathing eyes,
 And sighs for liberty, and worms, and flies *.

Such truths my crimes ! But CHARITY's soft veil
 Shall shade the hateful remnant of the tale.

- * “ *Quæ canit altis garrula ramis*
- “ *Ales, caveæ clauditur antro.*
- “ *Huic licet illiça pocula melle*
- “ *Largasque dapes dulci studio*
- “ *Ludens hominum cura minifret ;*
- “ *Si tamen alto saliens tectis*
- “ *Nemorum gratas viderit umbras,*
- “ *Sparsas pedibus proterit escas ;*
- “ *Sylvas tantum mæsta requirit.”*

BOET. de Consolat. L. III, Metr. 1.

The

The daughter of a SYMMACHUS * disdains
 Vindictive plaints and acrimonious strains ;
 Make the solemnity of grief appear
 Magnificently dumb, without a tear !
 Brave as *our* sex, and as *thy own* resign'd ;
 Unconquer'd, like thy *beauty*, be thy *mind* ! ——
 Wretch that I was, how dar'd I to complain ?
Heav'n's chastisements are never dealt in vain !
 In something, or my pride or frailty err'd,
 And my just doom was certain, tho' defer'd.
 The mists of twilight-sunshine, and esteem,
 Made me not greater grow, but greater seem.
 When I the paths of human grandeur trod,
 Might not my alien-heart *diverge* from God ?
 Might I not raise my kins-folk and my friends
 From private reasons, and for private ends ;

* “ *Pretiosissimum generis humani decus, Symmachus socer ;*

“ *Vir totus ex sapientia, virtutibusque factus.*”

BOET. *de Consolat.* L. II, Prof. 4.

“ *Socer Symmachus, sanctus, atque actu ipso reverendus.*”

Ibid. L. I, Prof. 4.

Exclusive

Exclusive of the *better Few*, who stay
 Far from the solar walk, and court's high-way || ?
 Might I not swell too much on earthly pow'r,
 Man's ideot-play-thing, gewgaw of an hour ?
 Or might not false compliance, flatt'ry, art,
Un-binge my truth, *an-christianize* my heart ?

Why nam'd I in these lines * my wealth, my race,
 The consul's station, or the statesman's place ;
 The confidence I gain'd, the trusts I bore ? —
 See, my heart sickens to review them more !
 Boast as we will, dissemble as we can,
 A pious peasant is *the greater man*.

How hard the contest, and how sharp the strife
 To part the *Great* from pageantry of life !
 To wean the bearded infant from his toys,
 Vain hopes, vain honours, and still vainer joys !

|| “ In choosing men who are to discharge the highest offices, the safest
 “ conduct is to take the man who goes out of his way in order to decline
 “ it, and not the man who intrudes boldly for it.”

St. BERNARD.

* See Pages 239, 241.

See

See the proud demi-god in triumph fit,
 With nauseous incense choak'd, and hireling-wit;
Hymn'd by a chorus of self-serving tools,
 The NISROCH* of his knaves, and CALF† of fools!—
 I'll dwell no longer on this angry theme ‡; ———
 But sketch the moral picture of a DREAM §.

ONE night, with grief o'er-charg'd, with cares
 oppress,

Like a sick child, I moan'd myself to rest :

When lo, a figure of celestial mien,

[Known indistinctly once, and faintly seen]

Approach'd me ; fair and graceful as a queen.

Now, [strange to tell !] she seem'd of human size,

And now, her form august half reach'd the skies §.

* 2 KINGS Ch. xix, † 37.

† EXOD. Ch. xxxii, † 4. 1 KINGS Ch. xii, † 28.

‡ “ *De sceleribus ac fraudibus delatorum recte tu quidem strictim
 attingendum putasti, quod ea melius uberiusque recognoscantis omnia
 vulgi celebrentur.*” PHILOSOPHIA loquitur, L. I, Prof. 5.

§ What follows is extracted from the *Philosophical Consolation* of Boetius.

§ L. I, Prof. 1, *De Consolat. Philosoph.*

Sweet-

Sweet-smiling, with an accent soft she said,

“ Is this BOETIUS ? Or BOETIUS’ shade ?

“ What sudden stroke of unexpected woe

“ Congeals thy tears, and wants the pow’r to flow ?

“ Incapable of comfort or relief,

“ See a dumb image petrify’d with grief !

“ Th’ impetuous storm arose not by degrees,

“ But bursts like hurricanes on ADRIA’s seas *.”

She spoke, and to my throbbing heart apply’d.

Her tender hand ; “ My son, my son,” she cry’d,

“ Med’cines, and not complaints, thy pangs must ease ;

“ False greatness, and false pride, are *thy* disease.”

Then with her other hand she touch’d my eyes †,

Soft, as when ZEPHYR’s breath o’er roses flies :

Instant my Sense return’d, restor’d and whole,

To re-possess its empire of the soul.

* *De Consolat. Philosoph. L. I, Prof. 2.*

† *L. I, Prof. 2.*

So, when o'er PHOEBUS low-hung clouds prevail,
 Sleep on each hill, and sadden ev'ry dale;
 Sudden, up-springing from the north, invades
 A purging wind, which first disturbs the shades;
 Thins the black phalanx; till with fury driv'n
 Swift disappears the flying wreck of heav'n:
 To its own native blue the sky refines,
 And the sun's orb with double radiance shines*.

The dame celestial mark'd with glad surprize
 Recover'd reason lab'ring in my eyes,
 And, kindly smiling, said, or seem'd to say;
 " At length, my Son, the intellectual ray
 " Just gleams the hopeful promise of a day.

- * " *Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebræ,
 " Luminibusq; prior rediit vigor.
 " Ut cum præcipiti glomerantur fœdera Coro
 " Nimboſisque polus ſtetit imbris:
 " Sol latet, ac nondum cœlo venientibus aſtris
 " Deſuper in terram nox funditur.
 " Hanc, ſi Threicio Boreas emiſſus ab antra
 " Verberet, & clauſum reſerat diem;
 " Emicat & ſubito vibratus lumine Phœbus,
 " Mirantes oculos radiis ſerit."*

L. I, Metr. 3.

" Patients

- " Patients like thee must cautiously be fed
 " With milk diluted, and innoxious bread :
 " Permit me then in gentlest strains to give
 " Rules to die happy, and contented live ;
 " And, when thy stomach can strong food digest,
 " My prudence shall administer the rest *.
 " I never leave my children on the road,
 " But lead each pilgrim to his blest abode †.
 " Suffice it first this wholesome truth t' impart ;
 " COY FORTUNE'S absence flings thee to the heart :
 " A willing *mistress* to the young and bold,
 " But scornful of the tim'rous and the old :
 " Meer lust of change compell'd her to cashire
 " Her best-lov'd POMPEY in his fiftieth year.
 " The frowns of a capricious jilt you mourn,
 " Who's thine, or mine, and ev'ry man's by turn :
 " Were Fortune *constant*, she's no more the *same*,
 " But, chang'd in *species*, takes *another* name.

* L. I, Prof. 2.

† L. I, Prof. 3.

- " Say, when that PRODIGY * of falsehood smil'd,
 " And all the forcerefs thy heart beguil'd ;
 " When ev'ry joy that full poffeffion gave
 " Rose to the higheft relifh man can crave ;
 " Wafte thou *then* happy to thy foul's defire ?——
 " Something to feek, and fomething to require,
 " Still, ftill perplex'd thee, unforefeen before. ——
 " Thy *draughts* were mighty, but thy *dropfy* more †.
 " 'Tis granted, Fortune's vanifh'd—and what then ?
 " Thou'rt ftill as truly rich as all good men :
 " Thy *mind's thy own* ; [if *that* be calm and ev'n !]—
 " Thy faith in Providence, thy funds in Heav'n.
 " The *Indian* only took her jingling bells,
 " Her rags of filk, and trumpery of fhells :
 " VIRTUE'S a plunder of a cumb'rous make
 " She *cannot*, and fhe does not *chufe* to take ‡. ——

* " *Intelligo multiformes illius Prodigii fucos.*"

L. II, Prof. 1.

† " *Largis cum potius muneribus fluens*

" *Sitis ardefcit habendi.*"

L. II, Metr. 2.

‡ L. II, Prof. 1.

" Accept

“ Accept th’ *Inconstant*, if she deigns to stay ;

“ And, if she leaves thee, speed her on the way ;

“ For where’s the diff’rence, mighty Reas’ner, say,

“ When man by death of all things is bereft,

“ If he leaves Fortune, or by Fortune’s left * ?

“ *Fortune* to GALBA’S door the diadem brought ;

“ The door was clos’d, and *other* sons she fought :

“ Fortune’s a woman, over-fond or blind ;

“ A step-dame now, and now a mother kind.

“ Eschew the lust of pow’r, and *pride of life* ;——

“ One jarring mass of counter-working strife !

“ Vain hopes, which only idiot-minds employ ;

“ And fancy builds, for fancy to destroy !

“ All *must* be wretched who *expect* too much ;

“ Life’s chymic-gold proves recreant to the touch.

“ The man who fears, nor hopes for earthly things,

“ Disarms the tyrant, and looks down on kings :

* “ *Quid igitur referre putes, tunc illam moriendo deserat, an te illa fugienda ?*”
Lib. II, Prof. 3.

Whilst

“ Whilst the depending, craving, flatt’ring slave
 “ Makes his own chain that *drags* him to the grave *.”

The Goddess now, with mild and sober grace
 Inclining, look’d me stedfast in the face.

“ Thy *Exile* next sits heavy on thy mind ;
 “ Thy pomp, thy wealth, thy villas, left behind,
 “ Ah, quit these nothings to the hungry tribe ;
 “ States cannot *banish* thee ; they may *proscribe*,
 “ The good man’s country is in ev’ry clime,
 “ His God in ev’ry place, at ev’ry time ;
 “ In civiliz’d, or in barbarian lands,
 “ Wherever VIRTUE *breathes*, an altar *stands* † !

* “ *Quisquis composito serenius ævo*
 “ *Nec speres aliquid, nec extimescas,*
 “ *Exarmatus impotentis iram.*
 “ *At quisquis trepidus pavet, vel optat,*
 “ *Nescit, qua valeat trahi, catenam.*”

BOET. L. I.

† L. I, Prof. 5, BOETIUS. —

“ *Ubi cunque VIRTUS ;*

“ *Hic, puto, TEMPLUM est.*”

Jac. BALDE Ode.

“ HEAV’N, to men well-dispos’d, is EV’RY-WHERE.”

Dr. DONNE.

S

“ A

- " A farther weaknefs in thy heart I read ;
 " Thy prifon fhocks thee with unusual dread :
 " Dark folitude thy wav'ring mind appalls,
 " Damp floors, and low-hung roofs, and naked walls.
 " Yet here the mind of SOCRATES could foar ;
 " And, being lefs than man, he rofe to more.
 " With not to fee new hofes of clients wait
 " In rows fubmiffive thro' vaft rooms of ftate ;
 " Nor, on the fitter of coarfe rufhes fpread,
 " Lament the abfence of thy downy bed :
 " Nor grieve thou, that thy plunder'd books afford
 " No confolation to their exil'd lord :
 " Read thy own heart * ; its motions nicely fcan ;
 " There's a fufficient library for man †.

* " *There are two leffons which God infills every day into the*
 " Faithful : *The one is, to fee their own faults : The other is, to*
 " *comprehend the Divine Goodnefs.*"

THOM. à KEMP.

† " *The beft looking-glass wherein to fee thy God is perfectly to*
 " *fee thyfelf.*"

HUGO de Anima.

" And

- “ And yet a nobler volume still remains ;
 “ The *Book of Providence* all truths contains :
 “ For ever useful, and for ever clear,
 “ To all men open, and to all men near :
 “ By tyrants un-suppress’d, untouch’d by fire ;
 “ Old as mankind, and with mankind t’ expire *.
 “ Next, what aggrieves thee most, is *loss of fame*,
 “ And the chaste pride of a once-spotless name :
 “ But mark, my son, the truths I shall impart,
 “ And grave them on the tablets of thy heart :
 “ The first keen stroke th’ *Unfortunate* shall find,
 “ Is losing the opinion of mankind † :
 “ Slander and accusation take their rise
 “ From thy declining fortunes, not thy vice;

* L. I, Prof. 4. BOETIUS.

† “ *At vero hic etiam nostris malis cumulus accedit; quod existimatio plurimorum non rerum merita; sed fortunæ spektus eventum; etque tantum judicat esse provisâ, quæ felicitas commendaverit. Quo fit, ut existimatio bona, prima omnium deferat infelices.*”
 BOETIUS, *Ibid*;

" How rarely is a *poor* man highly deem'd ;

" Or a *rich* upstart-villain dis-esteem'd ? ——

" From *chilly* shades the gnats of *fortune* run

" To buz in heat, and twinkle in the sun ;

" Till Heav'n [at Heav'n's appointed season kind,]

" Sweeps off th' *Egyptian* plague with such a wind,

" That not one blood-sucker is left behind. }

" Boast not, nor grieve at *good* or *evil* fame * :

" Be *true* to God, and thou art still the *same*.

" Man cannot give thee virtues thou hast *not*,

" Nor steal the virtues thou hast *truly* got.

" And what's th' applause of *learning* or of *wit* ?

" Critics *un-write* whate'er the author *writ* :

" To a new fate this *second* life must yield,

" And death will *twice* be master of the field †.

* " *Si vis beatus esse, cogita hoc primum, contemnere et contemni ;
nondum es felix, si te turba non deriserit.*"

ANTISTHENIS *Dictum.*

† " *Cum fera vobis rapiet hoc etiam dies,*

" *Jam vos secunda mors manet.*"

BOETIUS L. II, Metr. 7.

" Nor

- " Nor grieve, nor murmur, nor indulge despair,
 " To see the villain *cloath'd*, and good man *bare* ;
 " To see impiety with pomp enthron'd ;—
 " [Virtue unfought for, honesty un-own'd :]
 " Heav'n's *dispensations* no man can explore ;
 " In *this*, to fathom God, is to be more !
 " Meer man but guesses the *divine decree* ;
 " The most the STAGYRITE himself could see,
 " Was the faint glimm'ring of *contingency*.
 " Yet deem not rich men happy, nor the poor
 " Unprosp'rous ; wait th' event, and judge no more.
 " True safety to Heav'n's children *must* belong :
 " With God the *rich* are weak, the *poor* are strong.
 " Th' irrevocable sanction stands prepar'd ;
 " Vice has its curse, and virtue its reward * .

* " Si ea quæ paulo ante conclusa sunt, inconcussa sequantur, Ipso,
 " de cujus nunc regno loquimur, Auctore cognosces, semper quidem po-
 " tentes bonos esse, malos vero abjectos semper & imbecilles ; nec sine
 " pena unquam esse vitia, nec sine præmio virtutes ; bonis felicia, ma-
 " lis semper infortunata contingere."

BOETIUS L. IV, Prosa I, De Consolat. Philosoph.

" Qui semina virtû, fama raccoglie."

S 3

Conscience,

" *Conscience*, man's centinel, forbids to stray,

" Nor shews us the great gulph for Heav'n's high-way,

" To serve the Great, and aggrandize our pride;

" We barter honour, and our faith beside :

" Mindless of future bliss, and heav'nly fame,

" We strip and sell the *Christian* to the name.

" *Ambition*, like the sea by tempests tost,

" Still makes new conquests for old conquests lost :

" *Court-favours* lie *above* the common road

" By modesty and humble virtue trod ;

" Like trees on precipices, they display

" Fair fruit, which none can reach but birds of prey.

" All men from *want*, as from *contagion*, fly ;

" They weary earth, and importune the sky ;

" Gain riches, and yet 'scape not *poverty* :

" The *once-mean* soul preserves its earthly part,

" The *beggar's* flatt'ry, and the *beggar's* heart.

" In

- " In spite of titles, glory, kindred, pelf,
 " Lov'st thou an object better than thyself?
 " You answer, No. ——— If *that*, my Son, be true,
 " Then give to God the thanks to God are due.
 " No man is crown'd the fav'rite of the skies
 " Till Heav'n his faith by sharp affliction tries :
 " Nor chains, disgrace, nor tyrants can controul
 " Th' ability to save th' immortal soul.
 " How oft did SENECA deplore his fate,
 " Debarr'd *that* recollection which you hate ?
 " How often did PAPINIAN waste his breath
 " T' implore, like your's, a pausing-time for death*?—
 " Place in thy sight Heav'n's *confessors* resign'd,
 " And suffer with humility of mind :
 " As thy prosperities pass'd swift away,
 " Just so thy grief shall make a transient stay †.

* BOET. L. III, Prosa 5.

† " *Quod si idcirco te fortunatum esse non existimas, quoniam quæ tunc læta videbantur, abiērunt : non est quod te miserum putes, quoniam, quæ nunc creduntur æstiva, prætererunt.*"

IDEM, L. II, Prof. 3.

" Thy life's last hour [nor is it far from thee]

" Is the last hour of human misery.

" Extremes of grief or joy are rarely giv'n,

" And last as rarely, by the will of Heav'n."

So spake PHILOSOPHY, and upwards flew,
Inspiring confidence as she withdrew.

Here let my just resentments cease to flow,
Here let me close my elegies of woe.

RUSTICIANA, fairest of the fair,
My present object, and my future care ;
Be mindful of my children, and thy vows : ———
And [’gainst thy judgement] O defend thy *Spouse*.
My children are my other self to thee : ———
Heav’n you distrust if you lament for me.

Weep not my fate : Is man to be deplor’d,
From a dark prison to free air restor’d ?
Admir’d by friends, and envy’d by my foes,
I die, when glory to the highest rose,

I’ve

I've mounted to the summit of a ball;
 If I go further, I descend, or fall.
 Hail death, thou lenient cordial of relief;
 Preventive of my shame and of my grief!
 Kind nature crops me in full virtue's bloom*,
 Not left to shrink and wither for the tomb.
 Shed not a tear, but vindicate thy pow'r,
 Enrich'd like EGYPT's soil without a show'r.
 Fortune, which gave too much, did soon repine,
 There was no *Solstice* in a course like mine.
 With calmness I my *bleeding* death behold;
 Suns set in crimson-streams to rise in gold.

Farewell, and may Heav'n's bounty heap on thee,
 [As more deserving] what it takes from me †! —

————— " *Raperis, non indigus ævi,
 Non nimis.*" STAT.

† " *Pura animæ victura mea, cui linguere possem,
 " O Utinam! quos dura mihi rapit Atrepos annos!"*
 STAT. Sylv.

That

That *peace*, which made thy social virtues shine,
 The *peace* of conscience, and the PEACE DIVINE,
 Be ever, O thou best of women, thine !

Forgive, ALMIGHTY POW'R, this worldly part ;
 These last convulsions of an husband's heart :
 Give us THY SELF ; and teach our minds to see
 The SAVIOUR and the PARACLETE in THEE !



Religious

Religious Melancholy,

AN

EMBLEMATICAL ELEGY.

1883

1884

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is to be hoped the Reader will pardon me, if I take the liberty of prefixing to this ELEGY a slight *Advertisement*, instead of inserting *what* might seem too long for a *note* in the body of the Poem.

Having ventured (and I am sure it is *licentia sumpta pudenter* *) to introduce three or four *new* expressions in a volume of near five thousand lines, and one, namely *dew-ting'd ray*, in the 279th page of the present elegy, I thought myself obliged to make some apology on that subject; since all innovations in poets like me, (who can only pretend to a certain degree of mediocrity) are more or less of an affected cast, and rarely to be excused; inasmuch as we have the vanity to teach others *what* we do not thoroughly understand ourselves.

And here permit me to call *that* language of ours CLASSICAL ENGLISH, which is to be found in a *few chosen* writers inclusively from the times of *Spencer* till the death of *Mr. Pope*; for false refinements, after a language has arisen to a certain degree of perfection, give reasons to suspect that a language is upon the *decline*. The same circumstances have happened formerly, and the event has been almost invariably the same. Compare *Statius* and *Claudian* with *Virgil* and *Horace*: and yet the *former* was, if one may so speak, immediate heir at law to the *latter*.

I have known some of my cotemporary Poets (and those not very voluminous writers) who have coined their *one or two hundred words a man*; whereas *Dry-*

* HORAT.

den and *Pope* devised only about *threescore words between them*; many of which were compound-epithets. But most of the words which *they* introduced into our language proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being chosen and raised from excellent offets *. — Indeed the *former* author revived also a great number of *antient* words and expressions, and this he did (beginning at *Chaucer*) with so much delicacy of choice, and in a manner so comprehensive, that he left the *latter* author (who was in that point equally judicious and sagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

Some few of *Dryden's* revived words I have presumed to continue; of which take the following instances; as *gridéline*, *filamot*, and *carmine*, (with reference to colours, and mixtures of colours;) *cymar*, *eygre*, *trine*, ЕТРКА, *Paraclete*, *panophy*, *rood*, *dorp*, *eglantine*, *orisons*, *aspirations*, &c. I mention this, lest any one should be angry with me, or pleased with me in particular places, where I discover neither boldness nor invention. — I owe also to *Fenton* the participle *meander'd*; and to Sir *W. D'avenant* the Latinism of *funeral* ILICET.

As to compound-epithets, those *ambitiosa ornamenta* † of modern Poetry, *Dryden* has devised a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution; but those

* I must here make one exception. *Dryden* showed some weakness, in Anglicizing common *French* words, and those not over-elegant, when at the same time we had synonymous words of our own growth. Thus, for example, he introduced *levée*, *couché*, *bouasseu*, *sinagres*, *fraicheur*, *fogue*, &c. Nor was he more lucky in the Italian *falsari*:

“ his shield
“ Was falsify'd, and round with jav'lines fill'd.”
DRYDEN'S *Virg.*

† HORAT.

few are exquisitely beautiful. Mr. *Pope* seized on them as family-diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own polishing.

Compound-epithets first came into their great vogue about the year 1598. *Shakespeare* and *Ben Jonson* both ridiculed the ostentatious and immoderate use of them, in their *Prologues* to *Troilus* and *Cressida* and to *Every Man in his Humour*. By the above-named *Prologues* it also appears, that *Bombast* grew fashionable about the same era. Now in both instances an affected taste is the same as a false taste. The author of *Hieronimo* (who, as I may venture to assure the reader, was one John Smith *) first led up the dance. Then came the bold and self-sufficient Translator of *Du Bartas* †, who broke down all the flood-gates of the true Stream of Eloquence (which formerly preserved the River clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks) and, like the Rat in the *Low-Country* dikes, mischievously or wantonly deluged the whole land.

Of innovated phrases and words; of words revived; of compound-epithets, &c. I may one day or other say more, in a distinct *Criticism on Dryden's Poetry*. It shall therefore only suffice to observe here, that our two great Poetical Masters never thought that the interposition of an *byphen*, without just grounds and reasons, made a compound-epithet. On the contrary, it was their opinion, (and to this opinion their practice was conformable) that such union should only be made between TWO NOUNS, as *Patriot-king*, *ideot-laugh*, &c. — or between an ADJECTIVE and NOUN, or NOUN and ADJECTIVE, *vice versa*,

* John Smith writ also the *Heſtor of Germany*.

† *Joſhuah Sylvester*.

or an ADJECTIVE and PARTICIPLE; as *laugher-loving*, *cloud-compelling*, *rosy-finger'd*, &c. — Also by an ADVERB used as part of an ADJECTIVE, as you may see in the words *well-concocted*, *well-digested*, &c. — But NEVER by a full real ADVERB and ADJECTIVE, as *inly-pining*, *sadly-musing*, and, to make free with myself, (tho' I only did it by way of *irony*) my expression of *simply-marry'd* epithets, page 163; of which sort of novelties modern poetry chiefly consists. Nor should such compound-epithets be looked upon as the poet's making; for they owe their existence to the *compositor* of the press, and the intervention of an *hyphen*.

Much of the same analogy by which *Dryden* and *Pope* guided themselves in the present case, may be seen in the purer Greek and Roman languages: But all the *hyphens* in the world, (supposing *hyphens* had been then known) would not have truly joined together the *dulce ridentem*, or *dulce loquentem*, of *Horace*.

In a word, some few precautions of the present kind are not unnecessary: English poetry begins to grow capricious, fantastical, and affectedly luxuriant; and therefore (as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*) *sufflaminari paululum debet*.

RELI-



H. G. delin.

W. Hibbert Sculp.

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY, AN EMBLEMATICAL ELEGY.

Shall not everyone mourn that dwelleth therein?

AMOS Ch. viii, v. 8.

I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes failed with
looking upwards.

ISAIAH Ch. xxxviii, v. 14.

Fear not Thou, my Servant, saith the LORD;
for I am with thee. I will not make a full
end of thee; but correct thee in measure.

JER. Ch. xlv, v. ult.

T

PAINS

PAINS and diseases ; stripes and labour too * !
 “ What more could EDOM and proud ASHUR
 do ? ”

Scourge after scourge, and blows succeeding blows ? —

Lord, has thy hand no mercy, and our woes

No intermission ? Gracious Being, please

To calm our fears, and give the body ease !

The poor man, and the slave of ev'ry kind,

'Midst pains and toils may gleams of comfort find ;

But who can bear the *sickness of the mind* ?

The POW'R OF MELANCHOLY mounts the throne,

And makes the realms of *wisdom* half her own † :

Not DAVID's lyre, with DAVID's voice conjoin'd,

Can drive th' oppressive phantom from the mind ‡ ?

* The hint of this Emblem is taken from our venerable and religious Poet *F. Quarles*, L. III, Embl. 4. Mr. *Dryden* used to say, that *Quarles* exceeded him in the facility of Rhyming.

Quarles's Book, and the Emblematical Prints therein contained, are chiefly taken from the *PIA DESIDERIA* of *Hugo Hermannus*. The engravings were originally designed by that celebrated artist *C. Van Sichem*.

† DAN. Ch. iv, v 34.

‡ 1 SAM. Ch. xvi, v 23.

No

No more the sun delights, nor lawns, nor trees ;
 The vernal blossoms, or the summer's breeze.
 No longer *Ecco* makes the dales rejoice
 With sportive sounds, and pictures of a voice * :
 Th' ærial choir, which sung so soft and clear,
 Now grates harsh music to the froward ear :
 The gently murmur'ing rills offend from far,
 And emulate the clangour of a war :
 Books have no wit, the liveliest *wits* have none ;
 And *hope*, the *last of ev'ry friend*, is gone !
 Nor rest nor joy to Virtue's self are giv'n,
 Till the disease is rectify'd by Heav'n :
 And yet this *Iliad* of intestine woes
 [So frail is man] from seeming nothings rose :

* Agreeably to this, is a lovely piece of imagery in the holy Scriptures :

" The earth mourneth and languisheth ; Lebanon is ashamed, and
 " *hewn down* ; Sharon is like a wilderness ; Bashan and Carmel shake
 " *off their fruits.*"

ISAIAH Ch. xxxiii, v 9.

T 2

A drop

A drop of acrid juice, a blast of air,
 Th' obstruction of a tube as fine as hair;
 Or spasm within a labyrinth of threads,
 More subtle far than those the spider spreads *.

What fullen planet rul'd our hapless birth,
 Averse from joys, and enemy of mirth?
 Wat'ry ARCTURUS in a luckless place
South'd †, and portended tears to all our race;
 With Him the weeping PLEIADES conjoin,
 And MAZZAROTH made up the mournful trine ‡:
 ORION added noise to dumb despair,
 And rent with hurricanes the driving air;
 And last ABSINTHION || his dire influence shed
 Full on the heart, and fuller on the head.

* ISAIAH Ch. lix, † 5.

† *South'd*, a received term in astrology.

‡ JOB Ch. xxxviii, † 31, 32. According to *Scripture-Astronomy* these three were all *watery* Signs, and emblematical of grief. The fourth constellation, named *Orion*, threatened mankind with hurricanes and tempests. *Sandys* understood the passage in the same manner as I do. See his excellent *Paraphrase* on JOB, Folio, page 49, London 1637. Mention is again made of the *Seven Stars*, (*Pleiades*) and of *Orion*, AMOS Ch. v, † 8.—and JOB Ch. ix, † 9.

|| The Star of bitterness, called *Wormwood*, REV. Ch. viii, † 10.

Oft have we fought [and fruitless oft] to gain
 A short parenthesis 'twixt pain and pain ;
 But, sick'ning at the chearfulness of light,
 The soul has languish'd for th' approach of night :
 Again, immerst in shades, we seem to say,
 O *day-spring* * ! gleam thy promise of a day †.
 On this side death th' *Unhappy* sure are curst,
 Who sigh for *change*, and think the *present* worst :
 Who weep unpity'd, groan without relief ;
 “ There is no end nor measure of their grief ! ”
 The *HAPPY* have waste twelve-months to bestow ;
 But *Those* can spare all time, who live in woe !

* JOB Ch. xxxviii, † 12. LUKE Ch. I, † 78. Ἀνατολή ἐξ ὕψους.
 This poetical word, *day-spring*, expressing the dawn of morning,
 has been never adopted by our poets, as far as we can recollect.

† DEUT. Ch. xxviii, † 66, 67.

“ And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear
 “ day and night, and shalt have no assurance of thy life. In the
 “ morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even ! and at even
 “ thou shalt say, Would God it were morning ! For the fear of
 “ thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes
 “ wherewith thou shalt see.” See also JOB Ch. iii, † 8.

Whose liveliest hours are misery and thrall ;
 Whose food is *wormwood*, and whose drink is *gall* †.
 Banish their grief, or ease their irksome load ;
 EPHRAIM, AT LENGTH, was favour'd by his God †,
 Ah, what is *man*, that demi-god on earth ?
 Proud of his knowledge, glorying in his birth ;
 Profane corrector of th' Almighty's laws,
 Full of th' *effect*, forgetful of the *cause* !
 Why boast of *reason*, and yet reason *ill* ?
 Why talk of *choice*, yet follow *erring will* ?
 Why vaunt our *liberty*, and prove the *slave* . . .
 Of all ambition wants, or follies crave ?
 This is the lot of him, sur-nam'd the *wise*,
 Who lives mistaken, and mistaken dies !
 The Sick less happy, and yet happier live ;
 For pains and maladies are God's REPRIEVE :

† JEREM. Ch. xxiii, † 15.

‡ *Ibid.* Ch. xxxi, † 20. " Ephraim is my dear son ; — *for*
 " since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still : shall
 " fore my bowels are troubled for him : I will surely have mercy upon
 " him, saith the Lord."

This respite, 'twixt the grave and cradle giv'n,

Is th' *interpos'd* PARENTHESIS of Heav'n!

Too often we complain—— But flesh is weak ;

Silence would waste us, and the heart would break.

Behold yon' rose, the poor despondent cries,

[Pain on his brow, and anguish in his eyes]

What healthy verdure paints its juicy shoots,

What equal circulation feeds the roots :

At morning-dawn it feels the *dew-ring'd* ray,

But opens all its bosom to the day.

No art afflicts it, and no toil it takes *,

Slumbers at ev'ning, and with morning wakes †.

Why was I born ? Or wherefore born a man ?

Immense my wish ; yet tether'd to a span !

The slave, that groans beneath the toilsome oar,

“ Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore :”

* MATTH. Ch. vi, v 28.

† Concerning the *Sleep of Plants*, see an ingenious *Latin Treatise* lately published in *Sweden*.

His captive stripes are heal'd ; his native soil

Sweetens the memory of foreign toil.

" Alas my sorrows are not half so blest ;"

My labours know no end, my pains no rest !

Tell me, vain-glorious NEWTONS, if you can,

What heterogeneous mixtures form the MAN ?

Pleasure and anguish, ignorance and skill ;

Nature and Spirit, slav'ry and free-will ;

Weakness and strength ; old-age and youthful prime ;

Error and truth ; eternity and time ! —

What contradictions have for ever ran

Betwixt the *nether* brute and *upper* man * ?

Ah ! what are *men*, who God's creation scorn ?

The *worm* *their* *brother* ; — — † brother *elder-born* ‡

* Poetical definition of a Centaur.

† JOB CH. xvii, † 14. — There is a remarkable passage in the *Psalms* upon this occasion, where the *worm* takes place of the monarch : " O praise the Lord, ye mountains and all hills ; fruitful trees and all cedars ; beasts and all cattle ; WORMS and feathered fowls ; KINGS of the earth and all people ; PRINCES and JUDGES of the world." PSALM cxlviii, † 19, *Septuagint Version*.

Plants

Plants live like *them*, in fairer robes array'd,
 Alike they flourish, and alike they fade.
 The lab'ring steer sleeps less disturb'd at night,
 And eats and drinks with keener appetite,—
 Restrain'd by nature just t' enjoy his fill ;
 Useful, and yet incapable of ill.

Say, man, what vain pre-eminence is thine ?
 Each sense impair'd by gluttony and wine * :
 Thou art the *beast*, except thy soaring mind
 Aspires to pleasures of immortal kind :
 Else, boasted knowledge, hapless is thy curse,
 T' approve the better, and embrace the worse !
 So ANNAS owns the *miracle*, and then
 (Wilfully blinded) persecutes agen †.

To minds afflicted ever has been giv'n
 A claim upon the patronage of Heav'n :

* " If we pamper the flesh too much, we nourish an enemy ; if we
 defraud it of lawful sustenance, we destroy a good citizen."

ST. GREGOR. Homil.

† ACTS Ch. iv, v 6, 18.

[Whilst

[Whilst the world's idiots ev'ry thought employ
With hopes to *live* and *die* without annoy.]

In the first agonies of heart-struck grief,

Heav'n to our *PARENTS* typify'd relief*.

Th' *ALMIGHTY* lent an ear to *HANNAH's* pray'r †,

And bless'd her with each blessing, in an *air* :

Whilst *HAZAKIAH* ‡, earnest in his cause,

Gain'd a suspension of great *Nature's* laws,

And *permanence* to *TIME*; ——— For lo! the sun

Retrac'd the journey he had lately run. ———

But most th' *unhappy Wretch*, aggriev'd in mind,

Rais'd pity in the *Saviour of mankind* §.

He ask'd for peace; Heav'n gave him its own rest;

Demons were dumb, and *LEGION* dispossess'd.

* GEN. Ch. iii, v 15.

† 1 KINGS Ch. i.

‡ 2 KINGS Ch. xx.

§ MARK Ch. v, v 3—9. And also "The Spirit of the Lord is
upon me (saith Christ :) He sent me to heal the broken-hearted,"
&c. LUKE Ch. iv, v 18. Compare likewise ISAIAH Ch. lxi, v 1.

Wither'd with palsy'd blasts, the limbs resume
 Thy strength, O manhood; and, O youth, thy bloom §!
Syro-Phœnicia's maiden re-enjoy'd
 That equal mind, which SATAN once destroy'd *.
 And, when the heav'nly *Ephphatha* † was spoke,
 The deaf-born heard, the dumb-born silence broke.
 Th' ethereal fluid mov'd, the speech return'd;
 No spasms were dreaded, no despondence mourn'd.

Then rouse, my Soul, and bid the world adieu,
 Its maxims, wisdom, joys and glory too;
 The mighty EYPHKA ‡ appears in view.

¶ Just so, the gen'rous falcon, long immur'd
 In doleful cell, by osier-bars secur'd,
 Laments her fate; till, flitting swiftly by,
 Th' aerial prize attracts her eager eye:

§ MATTH. Ch. iv, v 24, &c. ACTS viii, v 7.

* MARK vii, v 26.

† *Ibid.* v 34.

‡ See DRYDEN's *Relig. Laici*; and PRIOR's Ode entitled,
What is Man? EYPHKA signifies *Finding out the great Point desired*.

¶ The hint of this simile is taken from *Quarles*.

Instant

Instant she summons all her strength and fire ;
 Her aspect kindles fierce with keen desire ;
 She prunes her tatter'd plumes in conscious pride,
 And bounds from perch to perch, and side to side :
 Impatient of her jail, and long detain'd,
 She breaks the bounds her liberty restrain'd :
Then, having gain'd the point by Heav'n design'd,
 Soars 'midst the clouds, and proves her high-born kind.

When ADAM did his paradise forego,
 He earn'd his hard-bought bread with sweating
 brow.—

Give us the *labour*, but suppress the *woe* !

Merit we boast not : But CHRIST's sacred side

Has pour'd for all its *sacramental* tide.

No sin, no guile, no blemishes had He ;

A self-made slave to set the captive free !

Yet pain and anguish still too far presume ;

Just are Heav'n's ways, and righteous is its doom.

All

*All chastisements, before we reach the grave,
 Are bitter med'cines, kindly meant to save.
 Thus let the rhet'ric of our suff'rings move ;
 The voice of grief is oft the voice of love * !
 The bed of sickness, [after cares and strife]
 Is weak man's cradle for a second life ;
 Death's but a moment ; and, before we die,
 We touch the threshold of eternity !*

*So, stretch'd beneath the juniper's chill shade,
 Th' afflicted prophet † in despondence pray'd :
 " Ob, take the burthen of my life away,
 " Dead are my fires ; nor better I than they :"
 At length a seraph cry'd, " arise and eat ;
 " Behold thy bev'rage, and behold thy meat :
 " Heav'n's one repast shall future strength supply
 " For forty days, till HOREB meets thy eye ‡."*

* " There is sometimes a certain pleasure in weeping : It is a sort of
 " consolation to an afflicted person to be thoroughly sensible of his af-
 " fliction."
 St. AMBROSE.

† ELIJAH.

‡ 2 KINGS, Ch. xix, v. 4—8.

The

The *Good Man* neither fears, desponds, nor faints;
Arm'd with the heav'nly panoply * of saints.

* EPH. Ch. vi, v. 14—17.—*Panoply* (from the *Greek*) a complete suit of armour. Mr. *Pope*, *Dryden*.



Maccio inven. W. Bisset Sculp.

MED f.

MEDITATIONS
ON
CHRIST'S DEATH and PASSION.
An EMBLEM.



MEDITATIONS

ON

CHRIST'S DEATH AND PASSION.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was
bruised for our iniquities: The chastisement
of our peace was upon him.

ISAIAH Ch. liii, v. 5.

Σὺς εἰμι, ΧΡΙΣΤΕ· σῶσον, ὡς Αὐτὸς θέλεις.

GREG. NAZ. *Carm. Iamb.*

RESPICE DUM TRANSIS, QUIA SIS MIHI
CAUSA DOLORIS.

U

I. HASTE.

I.

HASTE not so fast, on worldly cares employ'd,
 Thy bleeding SAVIOUR* asks a short delay:
 What trifling bliss is still to be enjoy'd,
 What change of folly wings thee on thy way?
 Look back a moment, pause a while †, and stay.
 For thee thy GOD assum'd the human frame;
 For thee the GUILTLess pains and anguish try'd;
 Thy passions [sin excepted] His became:
 Like thee he suffer'd, hunger'd, wept, and dy'd.

* "CHRIST is the way, the truth, and the life. The way where-
 " in thou oughtest to walk; the truth which thou desirest to obtain;
 " and the life of happiness which thou longest to enjoy."

St. AUGUST.

† "If you labour for a time, you will afterwards enjoy an eternity
 " of rest. Your sufferings are of a short duration, your joy will last
 " for ever: And if your resolution wavers, and is going to desert you,
 " turn your eyes towards Mount CALVARY, and consider what CHRIST
 " suffered for you, innocent as he was. This consideration will enable
 " you to say in the event, that your sufferings lasted only for a moment."

IDEM.

II. Nor

II.

Nor wealth nor plenty did he ever taste,
 The moss his pillow oft, his couch the ground;
 The poor man's bread completed his repast;
 Home he had none, and quiet never found,
 For fell reproach pursu'd, and aim'd the wound*:
 The *wise* men mock'd him, and the *learned* scorn'd;
 Th' ambitious worldling *other* patrons try'd;
 The pow'r that judg'd him, ev'ry foe suborn'd;
 He wept un-pity'd, and un-honour'd dy'd.

III.

For ever mournful, but for ever dear,
 O love stupendous ! glorious degradation !

* " *Thro' Envy proceeded the fall of the world and death of*
 " CHRIST." St. AUGUST.

" *For he (Pilate) knew that the chief priests had delivered him for*
 " envy." MARK Ch. xv, v. 10.

An antient Heathen also hath *personified Envy*, and painted her
 in a mischievous attitude :

" ————— Gnara malorum,

" INVIDIA Infelix ! animi vitalia vidit,

" Lædendiq; vias."

U 2

No

No death of sickness, with a common tear ; ———

No soft extinction claims our sorrows here ;

But anguish, shame, and agonizing passion !

The riches of the world, and worldly praise,

No monument of gratitude can prove ;

Obedience only the great debt repays,

An *imitative* heart, and *undivided* love !

IV.

To see the image of th' All-glorious Power

Suspend his immortality, and dwell

In mortal bondage, tortur'd ev'ry hour ;

A self-made pris'ner in a doleful cell,

Victim for sin, and conqueror of hell * !

Lustration for offences not his own !

Th' *Unspotted* for th' *impure* resign'd his breath ;

* "*Noli vivere sine vulnere, cum Te videam vulneratum.*"

BONAVENT.

" *To know God, without knowing our misery, creates pride : To
know misery, without knowing CHRIST, causes despondence.*"

St. AUGUSTIN.

No.

No other off'ring could thy crimes atone : —

Then blame thy SAVIOUR'S love, but not his death.

V.

From this one prospect draw thy *sole* relief,

Here learn submission, passive duties learn ;

Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief :

Eschew each danger, ev'ry good discern,

And the *true* wages of thy virtue earn.

Reflect, O man, on such stupendous love,

Such sympathy divine, and tender care * ;

Beseech the PARACLETE † thine heart to move,

And offer up to Heav'n this silent pray'r.

* “ *They make a free-will offering to God, who in the midst of their sufferings preserve their gratitude and acknowledgements.*”

CASSIAN.

† “ *God's Holy Spirit worketh in the following manner in his rational children. It instructs, moves, and admonishes : As for example ; it instructs the reason, moves the will, and admonishes the memory.*”

St. GREGOR. in Moral.

VI.

VI.

¶ Great God, thy judgements are with justice crown'd,
 To human crimes and errors gracious still;
 Yet, tho' thy mercies more and more abound,
 Right reason sparks not fresh-existing ill,
 Nor can thy goodness counter-work thy will.
 Ah no! The gloom of sin so dreadful shows,
 That horror, guilt, and death the conscience fill:
 Eternal laws our happiness oppose;
 Thy nature and our lives are everlasting foes!

VII.

Severe thy truth, yet glorious is thy scheme;
 Complete the vengeance of thy just desire;
 See from our eyes the gushing torrents stream,
 Yet strike us, blast us with celestial fire;
 Our doom, and thy decrees, alike conspire.

¶ Translated from the famous French Ode of M. de BARREAU.

“Grand Dieu! Tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité,” &c.

Yet

Yet dying we will love thee and adore : —

Where shall the flaming flashes of thy ire

Transpierce our bodies ? Ev'ry nerve and pore

With CHRIST'S immaculate blood is cover'd o'er and o'er.

“ When we praise GOD we may speak much,
“ and yet come short : Wherefore in sum,
“ HE IS ALL. When you glorify HIM, ex-
“ alt HIM as much as you can : For even yet
“ HE will far exceed. And when you exalt
“ HIM, put forth all your strength, and be
“ not weary : For you can never go far
“ enough.” ECCLUS. Ch. xliii, v. 27—30.

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